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THE
DEATH-FLAG.

BY MISS CRUMPE,

AUTHOR OF "GERALDINE OF DESMOND ;

OR,

IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH."

&c.

&c.

&c.

"Has Godlike Charles (such matchless glories past)
Conquer'd so oft, to be subdued at last?"
ODE BY A SCOTCH OFFICER IN 1746.

"A race of rugged mariners are these,
Unpolish'd men, and boist'rous as their seas ;
The native Islanders alone their care,
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air."

POPE.

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."
SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE DEATH-FLAG.

CHAPTER I.

" Oh! who the exquisite delight can tell,
The joy which mutual confidence imparts?
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?"

TIGHE.

" How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!"

WORDSWORTH.

" Her joyous presence and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy."

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

" Love, such as young hearts and noble natures sometimes
feel, what poets have imagined, what philosophers have
doubted, and the worldly-minded have scoffed at and denied."

—ADA REIS.

6-11-47
f.s.
FROM the moment Miss O'Moore was re-
stored to the bosom of her friends, a ray of
peace from heaven settled on her soul, and
the matchless beauty of her character shone
forth hallowed and purified by the ordeal of

VOL. III.

B

(RECAP)

affliction she had passed, until it attained a degree of perfection nearly allied to that which beatified spirits possess beyond the tomb. She well knew that her days were numbered, and would soon close on earth, which conviction, confined as it was exclusively to her own breast, awoke such an intense anxiety to bring the fate of the lovers to a happy climax ere she was summoned to leave them eternally, that, with a zeal and activity which blinded every one to her real state of health, she incessantly employed every measure calculated to promote her dearest earthly object.

This it was which led the heroic Edith to hold the conversation with, and to impart the details to Lord Ogilvie, which we have communicated. She concealed nothing from him, except the history of her own heart; *that* she buried in its inmost and most sacred recesses. Extraordinary excitement and habitual self-control lent her not only strength to act thus, but gave a stimulus, which, though transient, was sufficiently powerful to sustain her to the close of the trying scene we have described. When all that was necessary had been revealed to the astonished

and delighted Ogilvie, Edith summoned Eva to their presence, and, opening the interview by frankly acknowledging all the confidential disclosures she had made in order to relieve our hero's mind, she solemnly joined the hands of the enraptured lovers, and having breathed a short but fervent blessing on their future union, she left them to the revelations of the past, the felicity of the present, and the brilliant expectations of the days that were to come!

Hours passed as moments in this delicious communion of mind, during which the now happy Ogilvie, not only succeeded in inducing Eva to forgive the betrayal of her little secret in regard to the prospect of her succession to the Ardea estate, but even secured her promise that the solemnization of their nuptials should antedate the termination of the delays so customary with the tedious tortures of the law. Love is a potent enchanter, and, using his arrow as a magic wand over the hearts enthralled and subjugated by his power, makes them forgetful of all but the intoxicating rapture of that spell.

Thus was it now—thus has it ever been, and despite of human wisdom thus will it be

to the end of time! Eva, with the true unselfishness of woman, was the first to remember that beneath the roof which witnessed the removal of so many doubts and fears, were other hearts fervently praying for her felicity, and yet in ignorance of much that had promoted it. With this recollection, our heroine found courage to resist the supplications of her lover to prolong still further the outpouring of their souls' emotions. Shaking her pretty head in playful anger, she persisted in her determination to end the *tête-à-tête*, and with the buoyant step of youth and happiness she flew on the wings of hope and joy to summon Edith, Mrs. Sarsdale, "dear old Nurse," and Jessie Campbell, to the room. Looking absolutely radiant in her bashful sweetness, Eva soon returned and ushered in her companions, who, surprised at the unexpected presence of Lord Ogilvie, manifested, each in her own peculiar manner, the pleasure it occasioned.

Edith came not; a headache pleaded her excuse,—that never-failing apology when the heart of woman is "disquieted within."

In smothered accents, and tears which struggled with a soft, bewitching smile, Eva

besought Lord Ogilvie to withhold no confidences from the friends around her. Scarcely had this request escaped her lips, ere with sobs of joy and thankfulness she threw herself upon the bosom of her faithful Nurse and hid her blushes there. Jessie Campbell, who long since had been made *au fait* to previous and existing circumstances when,—in return for her memorable disclosures,—she had been admitted to the hearts and confidences of all the family at Sarsdale villa, now gazed in unbounded delight upon the daughter of the noble Mistress she had loved and served so well. The respect and attentions ever shown to her were shared without a spark of jealousy by the excellent and faithful Norah, who, to use her primitive phraseology, “just doted down upon the darlint kidnapped crathur, now she was agin o’ the Cath’lic artology,* though once she did wear undacent breeches, an’ lived alongside iv them outlandish forrin man-monsther heretics, wid big turbots†—purtect us!—cock’d on their crazy numsculls.”

Mrs. Sarsdale, with stately primness, but with not less sincerity than that which ac-

* Theology.

† Turbans.

tuated the humbler personages of our drama, offered her congratulations, as Lord Ogilvie, having briefly given every information to his sympathizing auditors, concluded the disclosures which announced him to be the happiest of men.

But on the various feelings of the joyous group we have not time to linger. Suffice it to say, that our hero's *éclaircissement* gave pleasure and peace to every bosom, mingled with thankfulness to that beneficent Providence who had brought the long and weary trials of true and honourable love to such a felicitous conclusion.

Gently disengaging Eva from the arms of her Nurse as he ended his short but blissful avowal, Lord Ogilvie clasped her in his own, with a long fond embrace, which included the passionate tenderness of years, mingled with the remembrance of past sufferings, anxieties, and disappointments.

The next instant, in all the pride of happy love, his whole aspect redolent with the feelings of his heart, he gazed with rapture on the blushing creature who had softly extricated herself from his encircling arms. With eyes beaming the light of intense affection,

he seemed as it were to drink in the murmured words with which in sweet confusion she answered the gratulations of her friends; and while thus, in the rush of heaven-born feelings, the enraptured Ogilvie dwelt on the perfection of Eva's beauty and her polished grace, he looked the emotions with which the grateful, young, and loving hearts of both were full to overflowing,—so full, that no words, however eloquent, could paint them.

Those inexpressibly soft and exquisite feelings were understood in silence by all the little group; for the beautiful images of hope, constancy, and truth, irresistibly make their way to unsophisticated hearts, with all the force of natural and sacred feeling, independently of conventional distinctions. When that hallowed pause was over, it was arranged that a letter containing full particulars of all the important events of by-gone years, and of recent circumstances, should be instantly despatched by a special courier to the Marchioness of Tullibardine, requesting her to crown the bliss of the affianced lovers, by coming to England to attend their nuptials, and to reside with them for evermore.

This missive was sent on the following

day. Within her Ladyship's epistle another was enclosed, addressed by Lord Ogilvie to his all-but-worshipped Prince and friend Charles Edward Stuart—which contained the same intelligence of past and present events. It was requested that this letter might be forwarded through the medium most likely to gain access to His Royal Highness's hand. Immediate steps were also taken to hasten with all possible speed the legal measures already commenced for the recovery of the Ardea estate, in the name of the Honourable Eva O'Sullivan (as we must henceforth designate her), of which, as it descended in the female line, failing any other, she was the legitimate heiress.

So indisputable was the evidence of her claims—substantiated by the marriage certificate and papers produced by Jessie Campbell, as well as by other circumstances too tedious to enumerate—that, within a time remarkably short when compared with the usual dilatoriness of the law, our heroine was duly installed in all her rights, as sole inheritress to, and possessor of, the ancient territory of the Castle of Ardea, and other estates, which also, in default of heirs male,

devolved upon the present fair representative of the Ardea branch of The O'Sullivans ; a race which, however recently sullied by some of its sons, stood high in the annals of Ireland, from its great antiquity, and the honour, bravery, and excellence which had distinguished many, though not all, of its descendants.

CHAPTER II.

"How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?"

SHAKESPEARE.

"Her angel's face

As the great eye of heav'n shyned bright :

Did never mortall eye behold such heav'nly grace."

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

"Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks,
Or to be trail'd along the soiling earth!"

"What see you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood

Out of appearance?"

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR pen returns to William Sullivan—or rather to THE O'Sullivan, as since the death of his uncle he was popularly called.

The crisis of the fate of that misguided man was indeed nigh at hand, as the day appointed for his trial for the abduction, ill-treatment, and false imprisonment of Miss O'Moore had arrived. The most intense anxiety as to the result of this trial was excited in the public mind; and among the multitude, which, like a heaving human sea,

waved backwards and forwards outside the city Court-house of Cork, great agitation was perceptible as the hour approached when the doors were to be opened. At ten o'clock, Judges Caufield and French, attired in their scarlet and ermine robes, took their seats upon the bench. The gentlemen of the law stationed themselves at a long table before the bar with their usual paraphernalia. The avenues to the Court were thronged to suffocation, and the rushing current of the throng, struggling to gain entrance, was so tremendous, that in a few instants from the time the doors were opened every corner of that part of the Court allotted to spectators was occupied, and literally wedged with men. Persons of rank mingled indiscriminately with their inferiors among this living mass, filling every inch of room, so that the floor and galleries up to the very ceiling presented a perfect mosaic of human faces, whose eyes, lustrous with excitement, were simultaneously fixed upon one spot—the Prisoner's dock!

As yet it was vacant. The Clerk of the Arraignment went through the usual forms, and then in a clear loud voice directed that William O'Sullivan, of Ross Mac Owen, in the

Barony of Bantry, should be placed at the bar. At this mandate every eye was strained to catch the first view of the notorious prisoner.

With firm tread and lofty mien, The O'Sullivan, accompanied by two gaolers, emerged through the dark passage leading from his prison, and took his place within the dock; as he did so, he drew up his remarkable figure to its fullest height, and with a haughty motion bowed to the Court. The next instant he cast a keen scrutinizing glance around it, and, folding his arms across his chest, stood as still as marble, while a smile of sarcastic signification curled his proud lip with an expression which those who saw it never could forget. For one brief moment he sternly fixed his eyes on those dread arbiters of life and death—the Judges and the Jury. Profound and solemn silence at this instant fell over the whole Court, for the moment which preceded the commencement of the trial seemed so fraught with interest, that expectation amounting to intensity crept thrillingly through the motionless audience, and like a universal spell hushed every whisper.

The defying and resolute expression of

The O'Sullivan's fine features appeared, if possible, to increase, as he marked the numbing anxiety of those around him. No mortal leaven betrayed the slightest sign of fear; but crime seemed to have written its awful characters upon his still, cold countenance, with a hideous distinctness that detracted from its singular beauty, and repelled the sympathy which his youth, undaunted bearing, and moral firmness might otherwise have—at least partially—created in the minds of the spectators.

The Clerk of Assize called upon the prisoner to hold up his hand.

The traverser obeyed.

The indictment was then read, and the challenge to plead put thus:—

“How sayest thou, William O'Sullivan, art thou guilty of the crimes with which thou standest indicted, or not guilty?”

At the awful question all eyes were eagerly bent upon the prisoner, and the general sensation reached its climax when he answered in a distinct unfaltering voice,—

“*Not* guilty—so help me God!”

“How wilt thou be tried?”

“By God and my country.”

The then customary response of the crier, "God send thee a safe deliverance!" was made, but seemed not to find an echo in a single heart present, for, so general was the belief in The O'Sullivan's delinquency, that at its peremptory denial a cold and visible shudder ran through the audience. Perceiving this, a smile of unaccountable expression played over the hitherto imperturbable features of the prisoner, strangely at variance with the severe sternness of his undaunted bearing.

The names of the twelve jurymen were then counted,—called over publicly one by one,—sworn and empanelled (the prisoner having offered no objection to the list); and proclamation being made by the crier, the substance of the indictment was read by him to the jury, with the usual charge enjoining their strict attention and impartiality.

The case then opened for the prosecution, and the counsel for the Crown rose and stated it to the jury, minutely detailing all those circumstances which, as the reader is already acquainted with them, it would be tedious and unnecessary to recapitulate.

The evidence was short, straightforward,

lucid, and impartial ; and being clearly based on truth, not all the ingenuity of the prisoner's Counsel could shake the slightest portion of it, although the cross-examination of the witnesses was conducted with even more than ordinary legal subtlety and acuteness. It had been a difficult matter to collect the essential ones upon this occasion ; but the abduction of Miss O'Moore, and the subsequent conduct of William O'Sullivan, were clearly proved by the testimony of some of his own vassals, who had turned king's evidence ; and now the proofs of Miss O'Moore's imprisonment at the Pirate's Cavern on the Skelig Rocks alone remained to be examined.

When the trial had proceeded thus far, a slight movement was observable in a very small and obscure gallery at one end of the Court, hitherto kept empty, and into which two ladies, attended by a gentleman, now entered as noiselessly as possible.

The former seemed sensible of the singularity and embarrassment of their position, for their faces were completely enveloped in large hoods of black silk—then the fashion of the day—while their persons were as entirely muffled in cloaks of the same material,

which had the effect of entirely concealing them. Notwithstanding the great caution with which this entrance had been made, it attracted some attention in the Court, but this was almost instantaneously diverted to another quarter, as the exquisite figure of Eva—which even her thick veil and mantle could not altogether hide—appeared in the witness-box to give evidence as to the subterranean imprisonment of Miss O'Moore, being compelled to do so in consequence of the sudden and dangerous illness of Norah, who was the only other person who could have borne ocular testimony to that event. Even the solemnity of the occasion could not repress the murmur of admiration which ran through the Court when the trembling girl, obliged to raise her veil, revealed her pale but most lovely countenance, and stretched forth her right hand to take, upon the Book of God, that awful oath which enjoined her to speak "the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth."

Deep silence again reigned throughout the auditory as in low but unfaltering accents Eva pronounced it. The effect of her appearance on the prisoner at the bar was most

remarkable. His eyes fixed and settled on her in a bold stare of admiration, which seemed mingled with some other feeling, so strange, unaccountable, and strong, that even the precincts and rules of a Court of Justice were scarcely sufficient to restrain its verbal exhibition.

As the evidence proceeded, it was observable that The O'Sullivan became more and more excited; and when at length its circumstantiality brought conviction to his mind that his sudden surmise was correct, and that in the beautiful being before him he beheld the betrothed of his hated foe—the beloved one for whom, in the madness of ungovernable impulse, he had mistaken Edith O'Moore, and thus placed his life in its present perilous position—the remarkable change which took place in the whole appearance of the man was evident to every spectator. The sudden start—the wild glare with which he continued to rivet his gleaming eyes upon the agitated Eva increased her confusion, which previously had been so distressingly awakened by the painful conspicuousness of her situation. To judge from her quivering lip, blanched cheek, and trembling form,

her deep emotion augmented to an extent almost paralyzing, and which threatened to deprive her of her senses. Fortunately by far the most important portion of the youthful girl's evidence had been given before the prisoner acted thus; for, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, Eva turned even paler than before, staggered, gasped, and seemed upon the point of falling to the ground. At this critical instant, a faint, broken shriek of anguish from the little gallery we have mentioned recalled her fleeting senses, though only to plunge them into greater tumult, when, to her unspeakable alarm, and the amazement of the audience, Edith O'Moore started to her feet, outstretched her arms towards her friend, and, with lips apart, and every feature set into a statue-like rigidity, stood speechless and immovable before the Court! . . . Her hood had fallen off, her face was white and still, as if some fearful power had checked at once the principle of life, and her dilated eyes, full of a sepulchral light, gleamed forth a frozen stare, while her majestic black-robed figure seemed to have acquired additional height from its erect and immovable position.

All this had been the work of an instant, but in its brief passage The O'Sullivan's aspect again underwent a visible change. He sprang forward in the dock at the unexpected sight of Edith O'Moore, who, though bereft of speech and motion, never had borne a stronger stamp of intellectual power on her noble countenance than at this critical moment, when she looked—what she was—the descendant of Kings.

The finely-chiselled lip of The O'Sullivan curled with the passionate vehemence of his inward feelings, but, as if determined to conquer his violent irritability, and to master his emotions, he re-assumed his former reckless insolence. With a bitter, discordant, and convulsive laugh, he crossed his arms over his chest, while, playing his right foot up and down upon the floor, he riveted his glaring eyes upon the distant gallery, as ironically he exclaimed, through teeth that crunched against each other—

“Edith! shall I wed, or die?”

The audacity of the question—the disgusting assurance with which it was uttered—the infraction of judicial etiquette—all were lost in the chill that crept through the

audience, when they saw the hitherto moveless form of Miss O'Moore suddenly become as if preternaturally reanimated. Her eyes strained from their sockets—her neck arched and stretched forwards till her head drooped upon her breast—her suspended arms fell heavily to her sides, and a still more deadly pallor overspread her cheek, while a slight shivering passed over her.

There was again a sudden change of attitude, and her frame, shaken to the centre, looked like a Statue in the act of moving. The head once more became erect, the fibres of the livid face vibrated convulsively, and a spasmodic twitching in the muscles of the throat was perceptible. Her right arm was slowly upraised till it extended over the railing of the gallery, and pointed steadily at The O'Sullivan—her eyes fixed upon him—her quivering lips parted, as those of one who gasps for breath—the single word

“DIE !”

escaped them, and, without a struggle, she fell down a corpse !

Exclamations of horror resounded through

the Court-house at this terrible catastrophe. So brief was its crisis—caused by an inward power, which, sudden as a galvanic shock, forced Edith to her feet, and the next moment burst a vessel of her heart—that the aged Mrs. Sarsdale rested panic-struck, while Lord Ogilvie, seated at her other side, and thus separated from Miss O'Moore, had been as incapacitated by position as astonishment from flying to her assistance.

The whole mass of people, moved with one instantaneous impetus, waved to and fro in indiscriminate confusion, audible consternation, and anxious expectancy, towards every point that seemed to promise a hope or possibility of information. The Judges on the bench made no attempt to torture their features into an expression of composure, but from their elevated seats bent forward, straining their eyes in the direction which their messengers of inquiry had taken.

The Jury were equally affected, and were evidently seized with sudden horror and undisguised dismay.

In vain, for several moments, the Officials strove to repress the universal movement. The voice of the Crier, at its loudest pitch,

ejaculating "Silence! silence in the Court!" was wholly disregarded; nor was anything like order restored until it was fully and generally comprehended that life was utterly extinct in Miss O'Moore, and that, with Eva and her distracted friends, she had, during the universal tumult, been removed from the Court-house unperceived by the greater number of its occupants. The prisoner at the bar alone had been apparently unmoved by the singular scene and extraordinary excitement around him, or, if any emotion had been awakened, it seemed that of derisive exultation at the lamentable catastrophe which had occurred.

In the first moments of tumultuous hurry which pervaded the vast and miscellaneous audience, The O'Sullivan attempted to leave the dock, evidently in the hope of escaping through the accumulated crush and pressure of the crowd. On finding himself too closely guarded to admit of this, however, a half-uttered malediction and an exclamation of rage passed his lips, while his limbs shook in a convulsion of passion, as, affecting to conceal his disappointment under the garb of levity, he burst into another fiendish

laugh, and, haughtily shrugging his shoulders, recrossed his arms and looked up in scornful contempt upon the Judges and the Jury, as if, in so far as his life was concerned, it was of no sort of consequence in what way the trial terminated.

The deserted galleries and arena of the Court-house now refilled, and, order being again restored, the Trial proceeded. The evidence already given and its counter testimony were then examined, and when all was fully summed up, the weight of proof against the accused—notwithstanding Edith's incapacity—was so heavy and damnatory as to present such a convincing and revolting picture of his indubitable guilt, that each man agreed in his own breast upon the judicial verdict which must confirm the public condemnation.

The Counsel for the defendant had, as we have seen, been utterly unable to shake one item of the evidence for the Crown, in any part of a long and acute cross-examination; and notwithstanding the great ingenuity of the eminent lawyer who, as soon as order was completely restored, raised many plausible casuistries on the part of the accused,

no subtlety of argument could for a moment prevail against the evidence of truth.

The learned Counsel ceased to speak. A deep and awful silence followed, and not a whisper was heard among the assembled multitude, when (the prisoner having declined to offer any defence) Judge Caufield proceeded to charge the Jury.

The audience rose to a man, and a firmament of eager eyes were fixed upon him.

Never was a charge delivered with greater impartiality, or more judicial dignity. His Lordship warned the Jury not to allow their judgment to be prejudiced by any rumours which they might have heard against the accused out of the Court wherein they sat. He warned them that, so far from allowing their minds to be warped by reports, or unduly excited to the detriment of a sound opinion by the lamentable catastrophe which had so unexpectedly occurred within the Hall, it was their duty, if, after a candid consideration of the evidence on both sides, even a doubt existed of the traverser's guilt, to give him the benefit of that doubt. The learned Judge then recapitulated, and analyzed most minutely, the evidence both for

the Crown and the Defence, concluding his luminous charge by again admonishing the jury to a calm, unprejudiced consideration of the important case before them, expressing a fervent hope that they might find it possible to reconcile Justice with Mercy in their verdict.

The Jury rose to retire to their consultation, and, as they were leaving the box, The O'Sullivan, whose countenance, though perfectly bloodless, had not moved a muscle while listening to the Judge's charge, now started closer to and grasped the bar, while crushing with his clenched hand the emblematical Rue placed on the front of the dock. His features worked with a species of frightful vehemence as the next moment, turning his head, he looked long, eagerly, and as it were with a half-delirious eye, after the retreating Jurymen, his livid lip for the first time quivering, and his breath coming short and quick, as if a bolt of ice had been struck into his heart. But almost instantaneously his bold spirit, accustomed to out-face circumstances however perilous, roused into full action, and, compelling his features into a fearless expression of scornful indif-

ference, The O'Sullivan assumed an aspect of preternatural and strained composure which never afterwards deserted him.

The Judges withdrew for a short respite from their onerous duties, but in less than a quarter of an hour returned to their seats. The Sheriff then resumed his official wand, and almost at the same moment the Jurymen were re-seated in their places. The barristers—the whole audience—then became still and mute as death, and not even a breath could be heard in that multitudinous assembly, when this important question was put in a solemn voice by the proper Officer of the Court—

“Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?”

“We have,” was the reply.

“Who answers for you?”

“Our Foreman.”

“How then say you, Gentlemen of the Jury, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?”

The Foreman instantly stood up, and in a firm, decided voice gave the awful words,

“On all counts, GUILTY!”

They fell upon the ear like a knell! The

prisoner's Counsel made no attempt to arrest the judgment; but, notwithstanding a unanimous belief in the justice of the sentence, the assemblage heard it not unmoved: neither was this feeling diminished when the usual solemn interrogatory was put—

“William O’Sullivan, you have by due form of law been tried and convicted of the several counts of the indictment preferred against you. What have you now to say why judgment of Death, and Execution, should not be awarded against you, according to law?”

All hung intent on the reply, and every eye was fixed upon the magnificent figure and daring countenance of The O’Sullivan. Drawing up his tall frame to its fullest altitude, he riveted his lurid eyes with stern significance upon the Judges, and rapidly making a haughty motion of the right hand extended towards them, exclaimed in a voice of taunting sarcasm, whose energetic tones, despite the bitter laugh which accompanied them, were heard in the remotest corner of the crammed and suffocating edifice,—

“My Lords, I will not trespass on the time and patience of this most humane, im-

partial, and *honourable* Court. I have in fact but one appeal to make. Gentlemen of the jury, look well on The O'Sullivan—on *me* whose verdict you have just pronounced—and *then* say,

Am I not too fine a fellow to be gibbeted?"

It is impossible to describe the effect which this extreme effrontery, and the scornful laugh which accompanied it, produced upon the watchful audience. A murmur of indignation ran throughout the Court, and nothing but respect for its decorous regulations could have prevented a more explicit outburst of the public feeling. A shudder of disgust and horror at such hardened impenitence came over the Senior Judge, and he looked long and earnestly upon the prisoner. As soon, however, as his Lordship recovered from his first emotion, he merged all its external signs into the grave composure befitting the responsibility of his solemn office, and standing up, with impressive seriousness he placed the fatal black velvet cap upon his head.

The wand of an enchanter could not have more suddenly commanded silence, and each man held his breath to listen, when Judge

Caufield, in a voice the clear tones of which broke distinctly on the deepness of the silence round him, thus addressed the unfortunate prisoner at the bar :—

“ William O’Sullivan, I wish’ not to aggravate the feelings which at this awful moment must possess your mind, therefore will spare you the rebuke your shameless effrontery deserves. I feel it, however, due to the twelve men who have been empanelled at your trial to declare publicly from this seat of Justice, that no Jury could have shown greater impartiality, discretion, patience, and intelligence than they have done. In their verdict the Court entirely concurs, and in following up that solemn decision it becomes my most painful duty to pronounce the sentence which the law adjudges to the crimes of which you have been convicted. In doing this, I deeply feel my own responsibility and the horrors of your position. May the Great Being in whose presence you will shortly stand sanctify that decision to your eternal good, by softening and converting your heart, which I lament to say, as yet, has seemed so hardened and impe-

nitent! Had there been a doubt on this point, it would have been removed this day by the cold-hearted, nay, the brutal indifference with which you witnessed the sudden death of the victim of your iniquity before your eyes within this very Court. She, the pure, the beautiful, the beloved one, whose hopes of happiness on Earth your villany for ever blasted, but whose freed Spirit, now released from sin and sorrow, looks down in glory from *that* world where tears and crime are equally unknown."

Here the Judge became so powerfully affected that he was utterly unable to proceed. For a moment there was a painful pause, but, sustained by a strong resolution, his Lordship mastered his emotion, and thus resumed his address.

"Young man, in the prime of life, health, and vigour, recognised, by the recent death of your uncle, as the head and representative of an ancient house, and possessing abilities of no common order, you have yet profaned them all by the perpetration of crimes which it seldom falls to the lot of Judges in a Christian land to find committed by persons

in your station. Your youth cannot extenuate them, for the deliberate subtlety of profligate old age has characterized your conduct instead of the generous impulses which, even amidst the contamination of guilt, rarely altogether vanish during the bloom and freshness of early existence. I solemnly beseech you to reflect with due contrition on the past, and to address yourself for pardon to the Great Being who created you, and whose high and holy laws you have so grievously violated. In Almighty God I trust that your appeal will not be made in vain, and my last sad and solemn prayer for you is that you may receive the forgiveness from Heaven which must be denied to you on Earth. Do not deceive yourself by hoping for any relaxation of the sentence which, as an appointed Member of this Court, it is my bounden duty to pronounce. You will have short time to prepare for your awful transit to another world, through the agonies of a terrible departure. The sentence of the Court is, that you be taken back to the prison whence you came, and thence to the common place

of Execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. May God have mercy on your Soul!"

"It is clear, my Lord, that you have none upon my *Body*, but over the Spirit of The O'Sullivan you and your minions have no power. *It* soars above ye all!" loudly and rapidly ejaculated the condemned criminal, with the air of a daring bravo, and an audacity of stern composure which, whether real or affected, thrilled the listeners with an emotion it would be vain to describe, but which never was forgot by those who felt it.

The Judge withdrew the Fatal Cap, and burst into tears as he witnessed the unflinching fortitude with which The O'Sullivan actually assisted in adjusting on his noble form the chains with which, as was customary with condemned criminals, he was heavily ironed. This done, he calmly passed his arms within those of his jailers, and with a firm step and erect mien walked back to prison.

The Judges immediately disappeared, and, after a last gaze upon the now vacant dock,

the multitude of persons who had witnessed the memorable events of that morning left the Court House as quickly as they could, oppressed with feelings which each man among them remembered to his dying day.

CHAPTER III.

"The noble mind is ever prone to trust ;
Yet love with fond anxiety is join'd."—TIGHE.

"Yet hush'd be the sound of trumpet and drum,
And silent as death let victory come,
For him at whose call the chieftains arose."

GRIFFIN.

OUR readers are not to suppose that Lord Ogilvie, notwithstanding the engrossing nature of his love, and the romantic adventures it entailed, had remained neuter in the service of the Prince he almost worshipped, and whose fortunes he still fondly hoped would eventuate in success. On the contrary, even amid the inconceivable labour which had fallen upon him during his recent transactions with Government, and the trouble attendant upon sending back to their native country the liberated Algerines who accompanied him to Cork, his Lordship had been constantly engaged not only in secret correspondence with the Highland chiefs who still adhered to the interests of the exiled Stuarts, but also with many foreign personages of the

highest rank, who privately favoured the cause of that unfortunate race. Even by Prince Charles himself Lord Ogilvie was frequently honoured with the most confidential correspondence under a feigned signature; and, on the evening of the fatal day when Edith O'Moore so suddenly expired, and on which The O'Sullivan's sentence of death was publicly pronounced, his Lordship, through a medium successfully concealed, received a large packet, filled with the most important tidings relative to the situation and proceedings of the Royal Exile.

In the mysterious order which directs our little span of life, how often we find that events the most opposite and unexpected come to our knowledge at the same moment, oppressing us with anxieties so various and complicated, that the mind almost sinks beneath its burden!

Circumstances now conspired to make Lord Ogilvie practically feel this truth. His beloved Eva on her return to Mrs. Sarsdale's mansion became so alarmingly ill, that medical aid was instantly summoned, in addition to that already in attendance upon Norah.

The physicians, on their arrival, found our heroine in a state of high fever, attended with dangerous symptoms, owing to the frightful shock she had received in witnessing the awful scene which terminated in the sudden death of her beloved and earliest friend. Norah was also pronounced to be extremely ill. Almost unmanned by the overwhelming fears of passionate love, and utterly wretched at the recent fate of the angelic woman, who, next to Eva, he had valued most on earth, Lord Ogilvie was in that state of mind in which the dark and gloomy spirit scarcely dares to hope, although it calls on Heaven for mercy! As soon as the suffering Eva, in compliance with medical orders, had been removed to her chamber, our hero, who, at Mrs. Sarsdale's request, gladly consented to remain beneath her roof, retired to the privacy of a remote apartment, where he trusted that silence and reflection might allay the agony of his thoughts. Lord Ogilvie had not been many minutes in this chamber when his confidential attendant, who had lived with him for many years, and who was well known to all the Jacobites, entered and presented the packet already mentioned. It

had arrived by a special messenger during his Lordship's absence at the Court-house, and was delivered under every precaution for secrecy into the faithful keeping of the Valet, with strict injunctions to consign it to his Master's hands at the earliest opportunity. With an abstracted air, Ogilvie opened the packet, and found that it contained a short note from Sir John Harrington, accompanied by several enclosures. Our hero's mournful and weary eyes fixed on and looked through the lettered pages; but though vision performed its office as if mechanically, it was some time before the agitated reader could fully comprehend their important contents.

The main communication was from Colonel Goring to Sir John Harrington—that faithful friend who, unwearied by trials and undismayed by danger, remained the constant companion of Charles Edward Stuart in many of his eventful wanderings, and who now forwarded Colonel Goring's letter for the perusal of Lord Ogilvie. The exclamation of Louis XV. on signing the order for his Royal Highness's arrest at the French opera-house—" *Ah pauvre Prince! qu'il est difficile pour un Roi d'être un véritable ami!*"

—seemed verified by every hour which succeeded it. The fate of forty of his adherents (including Colonel Goring) had been imprisonment in the Bastille immediately afterwards. Their release was subsequently to that of their Royal Master, who from Fontainebleau proceeded under a strong escort to Avignon, where liberty once more awaited him.

The journeys which those faithful friends performed in order to join their Prince in the Papal city are facts too universally circulated to require enumeration; as many of the details, however, which were given in Colonel Goring's letter, are not so generally known, we shall lay their brief summary before the reader.

After describing the public appearance of Prince Charles in Avignon on the 2nd of January, 1749, which city he entered in a splendid equipage drawn by six horses, preceded by the Pope's cavalry, and followed by the carriages of the *élite* of the nobility, Goring proceeded to state, in further manifestation of the popular feeling, that after the public *entrée* his Royal Highness was entertained at the Archiepiscopal Palace, with a

magnificent ball and banquet, which testimonies of respectful affection were followed by others equally demonstrative of similar sentiments. Yet, notwithstanding this flattering reception, it was added that, after a short residence at Avignon, the Prince left with the writer for Versailles, where they remained four days *incog.*, during which they had an interview with the King and Queen of France. In consequence of what then passed, it was further stated that the Prince and Colonel Goring determined to proceed to Poland in furtherance of his Royal Highness's intention to marry the Princess de Radzville, one of the first alliances in that Court. The personage in question was possessed of enormous wealth, and related to the Queen of France, as well as to the Countess of Palmont, by whose instrumentality the contemplated union had been proposed and approved. The former (*née* Maria Lesczinska) had been the intimate associate of Prince Charles's mother, the Princess Sobiesky, with whom her Majesty spent some portion of her youth; consequently, despite of Court intrigues, she had ever evinced the warmest interest in the fate and fortunes of

the son of her earliest friend. The young Dauphin also, upon whom the affections and hopes of his country were fixed, never lost an opportunity for showing in the most conspicuous manner his attachment to Prince Charles, and even scrupled not to remonstrate publicly with the King on the violation of the laws of hospitality and justice which had been shown in the Stuart's arrest. Thus, corrupt as was the Court of Louis XV., some members of the Royal Family were alive to the interests of, and the illiberality which had been exercised towards, the gallant young Prince, who was the pride and idol of the Jacobite party.

The following announcement, which appeared *verbatim* in a French newspaper of the period, will attest the conflicting opinions and conjectures that were then afloat concerning the Royal exile:—

“*Paris, Dec. 2, N. S.*

“The world is still in a wonder what is become of the Young Pretender! Last week it was affirmed with a great deal of warmth that he had been some months *incognito* at St. Albano with his father, and was going to reside privately (and they might as well

have added, to prepare himself for *the Purple*) in the little republic St. Marino, belonging to the Pope; and to-day it is confidently asserted amongst our politicians that he is in Poland by the interest of *this* Court!"

But to resume the thread of Colonel Goring's epistle, from which we have digressed. That devoted partisan went on to state that after returning to Avignon, which was necessary prior to any future movements, a gentleman arrived, calling himself the Chevalier La Luze, to demand an interview with Prince Charles, who received him with extraordinary distinction. This personage remained closeted with his Royal Highness in great mystery for many hours, but the important circumstance that occasioned the conference was confided, according to Colonel Goring, only to himself, and under the most solemn bond of secrecy. Ever anxious, however, to do justice to the heroism of his Master, Goring (after brief allusions to a mysterious progress to Strasburg, which the Prince, under the assumed title of *Le Comte d'Espoir*, undertook with no attendants except himself and La Luze) proceeded

to communicate an adventure so singularly romantic, that, instead of a mere summary, we shall give it in the writer's words as follows :—

“At Strasburg, an accident detained us a day longer than the Prince intended, and there an incident occurred which I may relate without the least breach of the trust I am honoured with. A fire broke out in a house opposite to that where his Royal Highness lodged, awakened by which he jumped out of bed, got on his clothes unassisted by any one, and flew down stairs.

“When remonstrated with, he cried, ‘What, then, are we born to take care *only of ourselves?*’ and rushed to the scene of horror, where a female stood at a window screaming for help. The Prince called to her to spring out, which she did, when he received her in his arms without hurt, and bore her through the flames to her distracted friends. The next day we left Strasburg, and after having passed the city of Wurtzburgh were met by five men, masked, well mounted, and armed, who, without a word, all at once discharged their pistols into the Prince's carriage. Not all his miraculous

escapes in Scotland equalled this. One of the bullets lodged in the back part of the chaise just above his head, another went through his hat, and a third grazed upon his breast, tearing off one of the buttons of his coat.

“The horses took fright at the firing, and were running away with the chaise, but his Royal Highness jumped out, plucked a pair of pistols out of his pocket, and discharged them at the assassins with such success that one fell dead and another was wounded. The Prince then seized the horse of a third by the bridle, and, with a strength and agility scarcely to be credited, dismounted the rider and threw him on the earth.

“The Chevalier La Luze and myself wounded another in the arm, uplifted to take the Prince’s life, and one of my weapons reached the heart of him the Prince had dismounted.

“At that moment, the appearance of a gentleman with two servants, who came galloping up with drawn swords, made the remaining villains betake to flight. On plucking off the vizards of the two slain assassins, we discovered that one was not

quite dead, and that he was no other than a man who had been bounteously relieved under a false tale of distress by his Royal Highness at Avignon !

“The Prince, in horror, asked what could have induced him to seek the life of a benefactor ? To which the wretch replied in broken accents that he, with two others, had been hired by one of the men who had fled, and instructed to aim at the Prince, and *him only*, having said which, he expired ! After this, le Chevalier La Luze conducted his Royal Highness *to a certain Court*. The mysterious doings *there*, and at several territories of several powers through which we passed, I am not at present at liberty to mention.” *

The remainder of this singular epistle alluded only to matters of minor interest ; but as Lord Ogilvie turned to the last page of it, a sealed note dropped out directed to himself, and which, though in feigned handwriting, he at once recognised, by a private mark upon the envelope, to be a missive from his Prince. Tearing it open in anxious agitation, our hero's conjecture was verified by

* Extracted from a letter written by Colonel Goring.

finding at the conclusion the Cipher which had been fixed upon for confidential correspondence. The note was extremely short, and entirely confined to an announcement of the fact that his Royal Highness, after various extraordinary adventures, was determined, at the close of the year, to adjourn secretly to the metropolis of England, accompanied by the Marchioness of Tullibardine, who, in consequence of a despatch received from Sarsdale Villa, had already joined the Prince at the seaport whence, as soon as circumstances permitted, he intended to embark for London, where a safe and secret residence had been secured. The astonishment and anxiety of Lord Ogilvie on receiving such unexpected intelligence were so great that Colonel Goring's exciting narrative, and even his own private perplexities and griefs, were for the moment almost forgotten. Strange hopes and prospects flitted through his excited mind, and it required constant and reiterated efforts before the chaos of his thoughts could be reduced to anything like order. There was a mystic tone of encouragement in the Prince's words, brief as they were, which made the blood rush to his

cheek and his heart to throb tumultuously. Visions of happy love soon mingled with aspirations of success in the political cause to which the existence of Lord Ogilvie had been and was still devoted.

Distinguished by the fervent friendship of a Prince destined, he yet fondly hoped, to ascend the Throne of his Ancestors; adored by the woman without whose love life would have only been to him a living death; respected and enthusiastically looked up to by the members of his political party as a great and noble being, to whom they had upraised an altar in their hearts, is it surprising that the anxieties which on many points Lord Ogilvie could not banish, still alternated with tenderness, devotion, and confidence?

The workings of the human mind are wonderful, oftentimes inscrutable. Vain, therefore, would it be to attempt to describe the proud, the full anticipations of a blissful hereafter upon earth which, under the unexpected excitement of the moment, possessed our hero's thoughts.

Notwithstanding the depth of his grief at the fate of Edith O'Moore, his solicitude concerning its effects upon the health of her

he loved with a passionate devotion passing all common bounds, and his keen anxiety regarding the heroic Prince who exercised so irresistible an influence on his actions, and excited so strong an interest in his heart, we repeat that, despite all this, Lord Ogilvie felt the cheering support of Hope. How far her powerful and exalting visions were destined to be realized, the future will reveal.

CHAPTER IV.

“ *Ans.* But thou, my son !
Is thy proud spirit master’d, and prepared
For Nature’s fearful change ?
Raim. Ay, father ! Of my brief remaining task,
The least part is to die !” VESPERS OF PALERMO.

It will be remembered that after Lord Ogilvie’s capture of Dan Connell at the scene of, and as an accomplice in, the assassination of Mr. Puxley, his Lordship had placed the redoubtable Buccaneer in irons, and proceeded with him to Cork, where, having lodged the necessary informations against the prisoner, he had been committed to the gaol of that County.

Having so recently described a Criminal prosecution, the forms of which we are by no means certain of having depicted with such accuracy as to abide successfully the ordeal of legal criticism, we shall abstain from the representation of a second judicial examination. It is enough to say that the accused

had been brought to trial on the day succeeding the public condemnation of William O'Sullivan, at the assizes of Cork, and that the proofs of guilt against Dan Connell as an accomplice in the murder of Mr. Puxley, as well as in other crimes, were so unequivocal, that although a clever Counsel had ably attempted to plead his client's case, almost as it were in the teeth of the law, no ingenuity could shake the evidence against the prisoner. The moment therefore that all judicial forms had been strictly gone through, the jurors, without hesitation, gave the tremendous verdict of "*Guilty*," which the judge confirmed in his subsequent address to the culprit. The black cap was then assumed, and sentence of Execution was pronounced in the usual terms against Daniel Connell of Ross Mac Owen, condemning him to be hung at the common gallows at the same time and along with his notorious Chieftain.

Both criminals had been lodged in the south gaol of Cork until the period for the fulfilment of their mutual sentence, and during their awful Trials those two remarkable culprits had maintained the same

extraordinary self-possession and indomitable courage.

The Sun, which ushered in the fatal day of Execution, had just touched with golden light the summits of the irregular yet extensive pile of building to which our prisoners had been committed, occupying different though contiguous cells, when a gentleman whose garb bespoke him a Roman Catholic clergyman might be seen wending his way through the vast crowd already assembled at the outside of the great gate of the gaol. On reaching the main entrance, this person stopped, and ere he rang for admission, threw back the black cowl which had partially concealed his finely-formed head. He then gazed fixedly upon the skull of the late O'Sullivan-Beare, which, spiked aloft, seemed at this moment encircled by a sort of glory, so brilliant were the sunbeams that, like a halo, fell around, and gave almost a supernatural appearance to that grim relic of humanity.

The Stranger sighed deeply, and became so lost in contemplation that some time elapsed before, with an involuntary shudder, he seemed to awaken from his mental trance,

and drawing his cowl closely over his face, rang the great bell at the prison gate.

His summons was answered, and on his being recognised by the turnkey as the Priest who, in consequence of the sudden death of Father Syl, had been selected as minister of religion to the culprits—William O'Sullivan and Dan Connell—immediate access was granted to both prisoners, the latter of whom the Ecclesiastic desired to see first.

Having threaded his way through several dark passages, enclosed by massive stone walls, the Confessor, preceded by the Gaoler, at length reached the dungeon where Dan Connell was confined. They paused in astonishment at the low, arched door on hearing the deep-toned voice of the prisoner within, raised enthusiastically in fervent song. The music of the chant—for such it seemed—was a peculiarly affecting and very ancient Irish air. The words were in Erse; their import the listeners waited not to ascertain, for the Gaoler, with a half-muttered exclamation, applied his key to the massive lock of the door, which instantly opened to admit the visitors.

At the farther end of the dungeon stood Dan Connell, with one foot firmly advanced;

his bare, bony arms were extended to their full length; his sinewy fingers were outspread, and, urged as it were with their whole force against the impalpable air, quivered with excitement; his dilated eyes, expressive of frantic revenge, glared in wild energy, as if fixed upon some object which to *him* was visible; his muscular figure, dimly shadowed forth by the faint prison light, seemed to have acquired proportions even more gigantic than its natural ones; while his features and words, equally violent and irregular, gave to his whole demeanour the aspect of a man striving for life or death, either with a spiritual or a mortal enemy.

Struck with amazement, the Priest and the Gaoler stood aghast in silence, and forbore to interrupt Connell's wild dirge, the thrilling purport of which was partially given in the following stanza, evidently a sequel to preceding verses of equally portentous meaning :

“Thou !—Scully ! *—false one !

Didst basely betray him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him !

* As the reader has been already introduced to the perfidious “Scully,” no further information as to his deeds and character is necessary.

He fed thee—he clad thee—
Thou hadst all could delight thee :
Thou didst leave him and sell him—
May Heaven requite thee !”

The frenzy of disappointed rage with which the distracted prisoner apostatized the name of “Scully” seemed to denote that now there was a shade of insanity in his conduct, so fearful was the voice which, like the roar of the cataract, thundered forth his curses. The raging passion of the half-frantic enthusiast, in point of fact, was fearfully appalling, and in all probability would have produced some fatal catastrophe, were it not that he was compelled to stop suddenly from sheer exhaustion. The amazed spectators dared not interrupt that solemn pause, and, totally unnoticed by Connell, they continued to gaze on him as mute as statues. After a few moments had thus elapsed in appalling silence, a more tender though equally powerful emotion seemed to possess the soul of Daniel Connell. A flood of feeling rushed over his heart, and was responded to from its remotest depths. He wrung his hands with an action exquisitely true to nature and to the anguish of his new sensations, as, passing on to another portion of

the dirge, which pathetically alluded to the death of The O'Sullivan-Beare, he thus in imagination evoked the last spectral relic that remained on earth of his too idolized chieftain :—

“ Dear head of my darling !
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
High spiked on their gaol !
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm ;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the storm ! ”

As the choked voice of Connell faltered forth those words, his late maniacal fury sank at once to a tone of heart-thrilling pathos, and, having gasped through this affecting stanza of his Lament, he, like a lunatic whose fit is over, burst into tears, and fell flat upon the floor of his cell, weak and powerless as a child. His head had sunk upon his arm, and lying thus prostrate, with his face concealed upon it, Connell, in the intensity of his now silent agony, was as unconscious of the presence of his two spectators as the frenzy of previous excitement had made him to their entrance.

The Priest, having motioned to the Gaoler to withdraw, advanced to the exhausted cap-

tive, and, kindly taking his hand, offered to render all the aid which the power of religion and sympathy could bestow. Having signed the Cross with much solemnity, the Minister of God endeavoured to arouse the unhappy culprit to a suitable sense of his guilt and awful situation, as the hour for his Execution was drawing so near that but a short time remained for preparation to meet it as became a Christian and a man. At first the words of the Divine, though awfully solemn, seemed to make little or no impression on the prisoner. Connell, it is true, had raised his head, and, with his hand pressed against his brow, seemed buried in profound thought; but as yet he had not spoken one word in reply to the adjurations of his Confessor. At length he started from the floor to the stone bench on which the Priest was sitting, and took his hand. Then, smiling bitterly, he said in a tone of mingled pride, reproach, and feeling, while a bright flush passed over his cheek, and fire sparkled in his eyes,—

“ Why, thin, Father *agra!* is it Dan Connell ye think will demane the blood o’ The O’Sullivan-Beare, an’ himsef, an’ his

ancestors down from the days of Noah, by trimbling like a cowardly *gomal*, jist whin the cowl'd, bitther, black-hearted Sassenachs are goin' to give him a lift * in the world? for shure 'tis this blessed day (prais'd be the saints!) I'll stand high over 'em all on the bowld gallows-tree! Och, Sir! 'tis betther your Riverence should think o' the crimson flood in my veins!—divil a fear of its freezing!—'twill boil on an' on in my thrue warm heart till the blest minute whin my Spurrit will spring out o' this carcass o' sin to the sowl o' the Masther—for wherever HE is will be heaven to me! An' shure 'tis thinkin' o' *him*, an' nothin' else, that's breakin' my heart entirely—Ochone! Ochone!"

Here the voice of the strong man faltered, and a large bright tear filled his eye and trickled slowly down his cheek; but, dashing it indignantly away, he added rapidly, and in a still more excited tone—

"An' may be I didn't say my say to my Shister Norah last night, whin she comed to see me an' pray for my sowl. 'Arrah!' says I, 'pray for your own, an' lave mine alone,

* i. e. Promotion.

you owld witch of Endor! who turned your cursed backbone—so you did—on our own deep darlin'—the Chief of our Clan—the jewel o' my heart—The O'Sullivan-Beare! An' so, Sir, wid that—(Ah! thin now, Holy Father, may the Mother o' Heaven be wid ye by night an' by day if ye'll caase to interrupt an' bother me, as I see that ye want for to do, while I spake these my last words!) Well, why, as I was sayin', wid that I'd have fairly given a *polthogue* to Norah—shister o' mine as she is—only jist at that blessed minute who should stand right forenent me but the Mather's own white-headed, blind ould Nurse, who many's the time had rocked an' sung *him* to sleep in her arms, whin a babby at her breast. The *vourneen*! 'tis she was the grand *keener** once, till dark an' ailin' wid years, the crathur tuk to her bed, which she niver lift for many a long day, till, larnin' the bloody, black revenge o' the Sassenachs on the pulse iv her heart o' hearts—The O'Sullivan-Beare—she niver cracked cry till she forced 'em to take her out iv her bed an' bring her here all the ways to see—fust the spiked head iv

* See note at the end of the volume.

her Chief, and thin ME—the Masther's own *valley de cham*! shut up for all the world like a wild baste in my den, in the jaws o' the Sassenachs! An' shure enough 'twas a sight that would melt a heart o' stone, to see that aged saint, whin she fell plump down on her two bended knees, an' in a low piercing wail she burst into song, an' larned me the Dirge of our Chief, to shout whin I go to the tree,* an' which, in sorrow an' silence, she made all alone in her grief! for the eyes iv her beautiful spirit, you see, are wide open, though the eyes iv her body are saaled down in darkness till the Great Judgment-day! An' shure sorra bit would she stir till I larned it pit-a-pat all by heart. An' 'tis that same Lamint that your Riverence hard me singin'—all mad as it makes me! An' plaze the Mother o' Heaven 'tis that very *Rann* † that I'll shout whin I go to the gallows, and will chant to St. Pether himsef whin he comes wid his great gowld keys to let me in to the Masther—that jewel o' the airth, who was sint by a base, bloody crew from the Home of his Faders on the green-

* The tree, *i. e.* the gallows.

† See note at the end of the volume.

heathered hills of Ivera to his home in the skies!—*Pace to the haro!*”

As Connell in a burst of feeling ejaculated the last words with slow and thrilling solemnity, he knelt down before his Priest and reverently signed the Cross upon his breast; then, drawing out his beads, he began to tell them over in a low voice and with the greatest rapidity. After a short time thus employed, his features assumed a softer expression, and, suddenly dropping his rosary, and burying his face in both his hands, he whispered to the Priest, “*Pray for me now!*”

The holy man, who hitherto had vainly made many attempts to control the whirlwind of Connell’s emotions, immediately seized the only moment that had seemed propitious for the fulfilment of his sacred duties. With earnest devotion he impressed on the unhappy culprit the necessity of repentance, and spoke at length, and with much depth and sincerity of feeling, of the short time now left to prepare for the awful change that awaited him in passing from time into eternity. The tumult in Connell’s mind was very great, but under the influence of the Priest’s discourse it gradually abated,

and alternately he gave to his Confessor the full confidence of his guilty heart, and received the last rites of his Church with more decorous quietude than could have been anticipated.

CHAPTER V.

Ans.

Alas, be calm!

To the same grave ye press—thou that dost pine
 Beneath a weight of chains, and they that rule
 The fortunes of the fight.

*Raim.*Ay, *thou* canst feel

The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto thee
 All men alike, the warrior and the slave!" HEMANS.

"And I am *here*!—Shall there be power, O God!
 In the roused energies of fierce despair
 To burst my heart, and not to rend my chains?"—IDEM.

WHEN the clerical visit recorded in the last chapter ended, the Divine proceeded to the condemned cell of The O'Sullivan, bent on the same pious purpose as had directed his steps to that of Daniel Connell.

His reception was at first cold and haughty in the extreme; but when the good man, undaunted by it, introduced his sacred mission, and proceeded to speak with the authority and frankness which equally became his noble calling, and the awful position of the prisoner, The O'Sullivan burst into a torrent of passion, which foamed itself almost to madness.

Traversing the pavement of his cell with rapid and disordered steps, he frequently stopped to stamp upon it with the heels of his heavy boots, cursing himself and all he had ever known ; and as thus with intermediate pauses he strode to and fro, he seemed almost unconscious of the Confessor's presence, and utterly regardless of his fervent admonitions. Some time passed thus, when suddenly a deep-toned bell was heard.

The O'Sullivan knew it was his death-knell ! At the awful sound he gave a tremendous start — halted suddenly — and changed colour. The bell tolled on. The tramp of horses' feet which thundered on the pavement announced the arrival of the military. A confused murmur of voices rose from the multitude assembled outside the gaol, and within it footsteps approaching the condemned cell were distinctly heard. At that sound The O'Sullivan, collecting all his self-possession, threw himself into an attitude full of dignity, and in undaunted silence faced the Sheriffs with their usual attendants, as they entered to demand the body of the prisoner, and to lead him to the presence of the other local authorities previously to his

execution. Laying a powerful restraint over his foaming wrath, The O'Sullivan stood his ground with scornful haughtiness, while awaiting the expected annunciation. In few words it was made in the customary form by the appointed Officials, who, adjourning for a similar purpose to the condemned dungeon of Dan Connell, gave directions that in five minutes both Criminals should be brought into the press-room. Though it was evident that at this juncture The O'Sullivan was suffering much mental torture, yet it was equally clear that he strove to conceal it as much as possible, and not an iota of his habitual firmness deserted him, even when he met Dan Connell issuing from his cell to join the melancholy procession. It formed immediately, and passed on in perfect silence until the prisoners reached the press-room. Every eye within that crowded chamber was eagerly directed to the door.

With a bold and firm tread, The O'Sullivan was the first who entered, attended by his guards. He wore the full costume of an Irish Buccaneer—a dress of dark-blue cloth, somewhat resembling that of the British sailor,—and across his chest a silken scarf of

the national colour, Emerald Green, was carelessly thrown, and tied at the left side ; at each corner of it the well-known ensigns of "*The Death-Flag*" were embroidered.

Despite the appalling scenes of his late career, the appearance of William O'Sullivan was in no way materially altered since his conviction. His countenance was as boldly handsome, and his indomitable heart as fearless, as ever, though his features were flushed from the excitement of his feelings, which it was easy to perceive were vividly at work, for his eyes flashed lightning, and the veins of his forehead were swollen with suppressed rage and indignation. He exchanged an impressive glance with Dan Connell, as the latter was led up and took his stand beside him with unblenching firmness. Hitherto neither convict had breathed one sigh, nor uttered one word ; yet there was this difference in the demeanour of the prisoners :

The O'Sullivan's manners were noticeable for a sort of dashing assurance, mixed with a certain consciousness of the effect his eminently handsome person produced on the spectators. Dan Connell's, on the contrary, partook more of the character of a man whose

heart was filled with the most painful reflections, unshadowed by a tincture of either mental or physical fear ; for though his eyes were resolutely fixed upon the ground, and his brawny chest heaved palpably, yet his whole appearance denoted an inflexible obstinacy and a ferocity of zeal that were capable of defying all consequences, whether temporal or eternal. He also was attired in his Pirate's dress, in fashion similar to that of his Chieftain, but made of less costly materials ; and as those two remarkable criminals, attended by their spiritual Confessor, stood side by side at this critical juncture of their united fates, they naturally excited the most intense observation, mingled with no small degree of interest. To so high a pitch did this feeling rise, that the Officials, though accustomed to such scenes, stood like persons planet-struck, instead of advancing to perform their duties with their usual alacrity.

Perceiving this, and aware of the direful preliminaries that awaited him, The O'Sullivan suddenly strode forward to the utmost length of his chain, and, stretching forth his muscular arms, hard as two bars of iron, and shaking his fetters until their clanking re-

sounded through the room, he said in a tone of scoffing irony,—

“ Methinks, fair Sirs, you lose much precious time in meditating on the duties of your *honourable* office. Permit me then to offer my assistance towards their quick completion:” saying which, he motioned to the Sheriffs’ officers to advance, and haughtily ordered them to strike off his irons, and to pinion his arms and wrists.

While this dreadful ceremony was being performed, The O’Sullivan preserved the most perfect presence of mind ; and even when the black handkerchief he wore was removed from his neck, and the collar of his shirt was folded back to make room for the fatal rope that was to launch him into eternity, the only sign of emotion he showed was a preternatural swelling of the muscles of the throat, and the fixed blaze of light that flashed from his kindling eyes. When the ceremony of pinioning was ended, he coolly turned to Dan Connell, and with a stern and scornful air exclaimed,—

“ My friend ! I, the descendant of the Chiefs of Bana,* the representative of The

* See note at the end of the volume.

O'Sullivan-Beare, have justly had precedence. It is now *your* turn to advance and receive this *order of merit*!" and sarcastically he curled his proud lip, while with a bitter smile he looked down upon his bonds.

Dan Connell gave a convulsive start, as though the words conveyed the sting of a viper; but instantly obeyed his Chieftain's summons with an unfaltering step. He raised his bloodshot eyes from the ground, whereon they had hitherto rested, and at first stared wildly round; but they almost instantaneously fixed into a steady glare of defiance on the Sheriffs' officers, while his face, which had been deadly white, flushed to the deepest crimson.

When the business of pinioning him commenced, he glanced back a significant nod at his Chieftain, and with one of those sudden alternations, those overwhelming changes with which extreme excitement often teems, he re-assumed all his characteristic and audacious jocularity. A leer stole over his face, a light though bitter laugh followed, and, quick-witted as ever, he threw a glance half-comic, half-menacing, around, as he exclaimed,—

“The Heavens be wid ye, my darlints! but ’tis purtily how ye’ve settled Dan Connell. Why thin, is it feared o’ mysef, like throe Saxons, ye are, whin ye skewer up my four quarthers in this iligant way, like a Michaelmas goose jist goin’ to be roasted?”

“An’ now, ye broth o’ boys, let me give yees the *sauce for that same*, an’ mind the last pregnant words that I spake.”

Dan Connell made a momentary pause, and then, raising his manacled hands, with startling energy he ejaculated, in an altered and electrifying tone, these words:—

“’Tis FREEDOM makes the bastes o’ the field quick as light, an’ braces the wings o’ the bird that mounts up to the sun, an’ breaks the chain o’ the slave, an’ makes Man like his God! An’ of *this* ye’d deprive us—the throe-born sons of owld Ireland—that now stand forenent ye—spawn o’ the Sassenachs! Weirasthroe! Weirasthroe! * ’tis for this that my own ghost will haunt yees by night an’ by day till the Divil’s black wing sweeps ye off as his own! Weirasthroe! Weirasthroe! may the wrath o’ the race iv O’Sullivan Beare find every sowl o’

* See note at the end of the volume.

yees yit, in all its red vengeance! May the smoke o' the hot blood that bursts from the heart o' the Pathriot roll up to Heaven as witness agin ye, an' the fetthers o' Hell bind ye down in its black pit for iver an' iver—
AMIN!"

All were mute with astonishment at this ferocious torrent of passionate emotion, which had been so rapid and vehement as to defy interruption. The spectators of this singular scene had not even attempted it, and the very Officials had paused in their inexorable duty; but now, as if ashamed of their momentary irresolution, they renewed and completed the fatal ceremonial, and conducted Dan Connell—who relapsed into sullen silence—to the bench where The O'Sullivan sat beside his Confessor.

"This lasts too long—let us end it," said one of the Sheriffs in an under tone to his coadjutor. Then, giving the necessary orders in a louder voice, they were instantly obeyed, and the *cortège* moved forward.

CHAPTER VI.

"Come death!—for grief can crush no more;
My hopes, my struggles all are o'er—
I am content to die!"

As the gates of the prison opened to let the melancholy procession pass, an imposing spectacle was presented; an enormous mass of persons, to the amount of several thousands, had assembled. The gaol stood in a populous neighbourhood, and the windows, the leads of the houses, in fact, every station from which even the most distant view of the procession could be obtained, were fully occupied.

Although the Convicts were pinioned, their hands had been left sufficiently free to enable each to hold a large silver Crucifix, which they now bore aloft, their Confessor, in his clerical robe, walking between them, carrying an open Missal, and chanting in deep and thrilling tones the Litanies of the Dead. As the great gates of the prison unclosed, and this group issued forth, both prisoners

deliberately turned their heads, and their eyes shone out in a long last look upon the spiked head of The O'Sullivan Beare!

The effect was electric, and so chimed in with the feelings of the greater part of the crowd, that three distinct cheers rang forth like peals of thunder.

Those manifestations of approval, instead of reprobation, arose simultaneously from different quarters of the immense multitude, a large portion of which was made up of the misguided but devoted adherents and Clansmen of The O'Sullivans. Apparently regardless of this lawless demonstration, the Sheriffs, the Marshal of the prison, the under-sheriffs, and the special constables with their staves, took their allotted places, having first admitted in the rear of the convicts a common cart, covered over with a large blanket, which concealed the person of the hangman. Although thus sheltered from public view, this inglorious official was immediately recognised, and, in virtue of his detested profession, assailed by yells and shoutings of the most terrific description. The indications of a popular and formidable tumult had been so decided, that the in-

tended route to the scaffold was completely lined with Infantry. The place selected for the execution was a large field that lay at some distance, and which, under the idea of making a more fearless and public demonstration of the power of the Government, had been chosen (in defiance of any insurrection from the mob) for the last impending scene of the catastrophe, in preference to the precincts of the gaol. A very large body of Cavalry closed round to escort the mournful *cortège* to the foot of the gallows. Strong barriers had been erected to resist the pressure of the crowd, notwithstanding which precaution it was with great difficulty, and amidst the plunging of their horses to the risk of human life, that the troops gained and kept their station.

After several ineffectual attempts to pass on, the procession at length moved forward in something like order. Its route lay through a populous suburb, the houses of which were literally crammed with spectators, the windows from top to bottom being filled principally by beautiful and well-dressed women, among whom many of the highest social position might be discerned. A firmament

of heads thus above and around, and hosts of brilliant eyes, some in compassion, many in detestation, others, it may be almost said, in admiration, were fixed upon the Culprits, as those brothers in crime and fate walked onwards boldly and unblenchingly to meet their horrid death. Dan Connell's eyes were fixed in an abstract gaze upon the symbol of Sacred Love which he held upraised to heaven; but it was observable that The O'Sullivan's roved with audacious scrutiny over those windows which were the most conspicuous for the female loveliness that filled them.

In several instances he bowed and even smiled a gracious salutation to the ladies, and, so great is the influence of personal bravery and beauty over the heart of woman, that some fair hands waved white handkerchiefs, as if the procession, instead of a criminal, had been a triumphal one. At length it neared the place of Execution. When it distinctly appeared to the view, Dan Connell's whole form became convulsed and agitated as if with some internal tempest. His eyes shot lightning, and seemed suddenly to descry some pageant in the air, as they glared and glittered while he gazed on

space ! His brow knit, a dark and troubled cloud gathered on his features, his lip quivered and curled, his set teeth crunched against each other, and the veins in his forehead swelled like purple cords ! The next moment he drew up his gigantic form to a height that seemed almost superhuman, and his livid countenance assumed a singular mixture of ferocity and intellect, while in a voice that, like a Trumpet-blast, drowned all other sounds, he, as if suddenly inspired, burst forth into the same splendid Death-dirge of the late O'Sullivan-Beare which had occupied his prison thoughts and latest moments.

In startled amazement, every eye turned to and was arrested at the same point—that from which the rich, deep voice of Connell pealed its mighty sound, sonorous as an organ ; and such was the force and wild dignity of his passion, that an awe fell upon all, and an effect was produced upon the multitude so perfectly electrifying, that any sound, save that of the solemn Chant, was hushed to the silence of the dead, as if by the spell of a magician.

In a few instants, the heart from which that glorious strain of music, poetry, and

passion now welled forth so full of power that none could withstand its irresistible appeal, must cease to beat for ever! As this conviction pressed upon the souls and mastered the sympathies of the spectators, some even of the foes of Daniel Connell momentarily forgot his crimes, while, in silent amazement, they felt the bright light of compassion steal gently over the black picture of the past! Unheeding this, and even regardless of the unutterable emotions that were stamped upon the stern, fierce face of The O'Sullivan, Dan Connell, as if his sight were absent from his body, chanted on and on the solemn Death-dirge with frantic enthusiasm, his soul seeming to find relief and vent in the following tragic-breathing verse of passion :*—

1.

“The sun on Ivera †
No longer shines brightly ;
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly :
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan-Beare !

* See note at the end of the volume.

† Ivera is the original name of Bearhaven.

2.

Thou!—Scully!—false one!
Didst basely betray him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him!
He fed thee—he clad thee—
Thou hadst all could delight thee:
Thou didst leave him and sell him—
May Heaven requite thee!

3.

Scully! may all kind
Of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee!
May fever long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee!

4.

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife
Of the Sea-war closed o'er him:
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through Ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter—
'T is therefore I wail him.

5.

Long may the curse
Of his People pursue them—
Scully, that sold him,
And Soldier that slew him!

One glimpse of Heaven's light
May they see never !
May the hearthstone of Hell
Be their best bed for ever !

6.

In the hole which the vile hands
Of Soldiers had made thee,
Unhonour'd, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee—
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee !

7.

Dear head of my darling !
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
High spiked on their gaol !
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm ;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the Storm !

8.

A curse, blessed Ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter,
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear
Of Muirtach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan-Bears !”

As Connell's voice rang forth the last stanza of his thrilling Dirge in notes as wild as the shriek of the Banshee, the procession halted at an enormously strong gate, round which a powerful guard of Military was stationed. Within the enclosure to which this gate gave access, stood the fatal gallows; —a spread of green level sward around it was kept clear by massive barricades, in the centre of which a large black gibbet appeared. Over this, and affixed to a lofty staff, an enormous sable banner surged slowly in the wind, on which the notorious badge of "The Death-Flag"—a Scull and Cross-bones, and a Celtic motto signifying

"THE BLOODY HAND OF IRELAND,"

were painted in white. This produced a most solemn and striking effect, while from the fatal beams two chains were suspended to which strong ropes were fastened, an addition to the dreadful apparatus of death, which told fearfully on the minds of the spectators. The inside of the dismal arena was lined with soldiers in ranks; and round the exterior of the encircling barriers, the Cavalry, despite the pressure of the crowd, drew up

in formidable array. As the Great Gate opened to admit the Prisoners, the magnitude of their danger—the certainty of their fate—seemed for the first time to strike with freezing actuality upon the minds of their adherents; and such a feeling of solemn awe thrilled through the vast crowd that their silence continued hushed and breathless, while the Convicts passed into the arena. The large gate was then closed, and locked behind them and their escort. With a firmness that partook of the quality of desperation, the two prisoners, placed side by side, walked on to the platform. During their short progress to the gallows The O'Sullivan, under the pretence of muttered prayer, and unheard by his Confessor, breathed one whisper in the ear of Daniel Connell.

It seemed to recall his senses to the actual, for in reply he gave a mute sign of assent at the moment when the culprits reached the foot of the scaffold, and, attended by their Ecclesiastic, ascended its steps. The O'Sullivan was the first to tread the platform, in the centre of which, and exactly under the lofty beam and chains, a strong high wooden stool was placed. On this the Convicts were

to stand, when the ropes were adjusted round their necks, preparatory to their being launched into Eternity, which—the fatal drop of the present day being then unknown—was done, by quickly withdrawing the stool from beneath their feet, thus leaving the victims of the law suspended in the air.

Dan Connell walked closely after his chief, whose example he followed by instantly mounting the fatal stool, on which the Irish Buccaneers now stood side by side, still holding aloft their enormous Crucifixes. Immediately behind them the black-robed Ecclesiastic took his station, in a subdued voice continuing his pious exhortations. The trio presented a striking picture, as thus they towered above the multitude, their fine heads standing out in bold relief against the blue horizon; the green scarfs of the Corsairs floating on the wind, and their silver crosses glittering in the sunlight.

At this moment, as if to elucidate the power of contrast, the Executioner shook off the blanket that had covered him, and, leaping out of his cart with a force that made it roll rapidly away, sprang up the steps of the gallows, and amid the yells, groans, and

hisses that assailed him, at once commenced the preliminaries of his dreadful office. Meanwhile the minister of God had been earnestly imploring the pirates to make a public acknowledgment of their guilt from the Scaffold.

The O'Sullivan's lip curled into something between a sneer and a smile of triumph at the exhortation, to which, however, he haughtily bowed assent. Then suddenly resigning his Crucifix to his Confessor, he uplifted his fettered arms to the utmost height their manacles permitted, and ejaculated in a loud, unfaltering voice that was heard in the remotest corner of the crowd,—

“By the blood of the Sea-Kings that flows through our veins, we have nought to confess but *this* :—We die—as we have lived, and as the race of *Colla* ought to live—the foes of Tyranny and Usurpation — the true-born Lovers of our Country—the Ocean-Sons of Liberty—*The Irish Buccaneers!*—Doomsman, we are ready!”—A confusion of sounds arose from the assembled multitude, despite of which the Executioner instantly advanced. The death-knell tolled from the spire of an adjacent church, and Dan Connell's crucifix

having been handed to the Confessor—who retired some paces—the doomsman adjusted the ropes round the necks of the prisoners, preparatory to putting the white cap upon each! He turned round to receive those last fatal ensigns from his assistant, and in that brief moment The O’Sullivan shouted in a voice of thunder, appalling in its wrath, “Bloodhounds! no base-born hangman gives OUR doom—into the unknown world *we* launch ourselves!” And suiting the action to the word with such rapidity that prevention was impracticable, he boldly kicked away the stool, which rolling from beneath their feet, both prisoners, with uncovered faces, hung suspended from the ropes!

As the crowd witnessed this unexpected and energetic manœuvre, tremendous cheers and cries burst forth from various quarters, and, notwithstanding the great strength of the barriers, the pressure of the people was so terrific, that several of the barricades gave way, while others were actually torn up, and brandished successfully against the Military. The rush that followed from all directions—under the impression that the Buccaneers still breathed, and might be cut down alive

—defies description. Numbers were thrown to the earth, trampled upon, and even killed, as the infuriated people, bent on one object, made for the gallows, with cries of dreadful import. Many among the crowd had been secretly armed in the hope that a rescue might be effected, and now a mass of weapons suddenly flashed forth, wielded by the bearers with the tempest of frenzy.

A new impetus thus given, the pell-mell tumult raged fiercer than ever, confused, and indistinct. Several of the King's troops fell wounded—others dead—while the blood of hundreds of the people deluged the field. Still undaunted, they pursued their desperate charge, forcing a way to the gibbet, and dealing frantic blows at random, while shouting forth the cry of "Rescue!—to the Rescue!"

Amidst the flash of muskets and the charge of Cavalry, one united band, composed of the flower of the clan of The O'Sullivan, dashed resolutely on, with the fury of lions felling down foes, and sometimes even friends, until they succeeded in mounting to the scaffold.

A long yell of despair which clove the air

the next instant—issuing from the hearts of this devoted party—announced to the field that they came too late, for The Irish Buccaneers were indeed no more!

It was responded to by a cry so intensely savage, that it actually thrilled to the marrow and the bones of those upon whose ears it smote.

The impulse now given was tremendous. Stimulated into madness, the reckless Clan of The O'Sullivan dashed into the thickest of the onslaught, shrieking cries of vengeance, and felling all that opposed them, until they rallied like a phalanx round the foot of the gallows. There—though hewed down right and left by their assailants—there those who still lived manfully kept their ground, while the bodies of the slaughtered formed a sort of rampart to the innermost circle of the gibbet and the party at its base; nor did one man among them flinch under the attacks of Cavalry or Infantry. And now the corpses of the Pirates being cut down were seen borne aloft upon the shoulders of their Clansmen, who, striding from the gallows, clove through the mighty throng of friends and foes surrounding it,

and, as if animated by one heart, rushed in a body, and forced their way by a breach in the rear of the Scaffold, which, in the heat of the combat, had been made. Through this pass, despite the weight of the corpses which they bore, those mighty Clansmen neither reeled nor staggered back, but gallantly strode on—on—through indiscriminate slaughter, guarding their sacred burthen with the fury of tigers, and the desperation of madmen, until they reached the fastnesses of the adjacent mountains, where the Military, inexperienced in such almost inaccessible defiles, were compelled to relinquish pursuit.

In the noiseless solitude of that forest-land, laid side by side within a mountain-tomb, in their beloved Ivera, The O'Sullivan and Daniel Connell found their last resting-place on earth!

The oaths of future vengeance which, at that wild, midnight burial, burst from bleeding Clansmen over the grave of the dead, were mingled with the wailings of the everlasting sea that girdled its base, and rang forth to the vault of Heaven the awful requiem of The Irish Buccaneers!

CHAPTER VII.

“Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—
 But well—oh, but too well!
 Thou hast suffer’d all that woman’s heart
 May bear—but must not tell.”—FELICIA HEMANS.

“No tears for thee!—Though light be from us gone,
 With thy soul’s radiance, bright, yet restless one—
 No tears for thee!
 They that have loved an exile must not mourn
 To see him parting for his native bourne
 O’er the dark sea!
 No tears for thee!—the lingering gloom is ours—
 Thou art for converse with all glorious powers,
 Never to die!” IDEM.

LONG since the grave—that last earthly home for the weary pilgrims of this fleeting world—had closed over the remains of Edith O’Moore. Her painful passage through the troublous scene of life was past. The Angel of Death had wafted her bright spirit to realms where sin and sorrow are unknown, and partings never come; but her memory dwelt imperishably within the hearts of the unfeigned mourners who, in bitterness of soul, had seen her committed to the dust and

buried from their earthly light for ever!—She was interred in a green, quiet spot over which wild field-flowers grew in rich abundance, and sunshine often poured its fullest brilliance, wrapping, as it were, her marble tomb in warmth and light. Its sole inscription was the name of “EDITH.” Those glowing rays from heaven fell often—how often!—over the forms of Ogilvie and Eva, as, clad in deepest mourning, they knelt hand-in-hand in communion of prayer over the hallowed grave which held the ashes of the Beloved One—not lost, but gone before them to the skies!

It was at the burial-place of the dead—meet spot for such “a labour of love”—that Eva—having first wreathed the white marble cross which surmounted the shrine of Edith with the brightest flowers of spring—prepared, alone, and in trembling emotion, to fulfil the wishes of her departed friend, by perusing the small packet she drew from her bosom, and which had been found conspicuously placed among the papers of the deceased. A thousand memories of the past, with all its joys and sorrows, rushed upon her mind—she felt as if she still listened to

that voice which, for so many years, had made her music—in fancy she gazed upon that smile so full of truth and innocence, and heard the words of fond affection which accompanied it, fraught with the wisdom and the fervour of undying love. Then came the bitter thought—the certainty—that those dear lips were now for ever mute within the darksome grave!—that the heart which once thrilled in all the overwhelming fulness of youthful sympathy had ceased to beat—that the erst beauteous, animated form now lay torpid in the cold embrace of death, and should be seen no more! Tears rushed from Eva's eyes, and her heart heaved and swelled as if it had been bursting, while those wretched remembrances thronged around her. She pressed the packet to her lips, and breathed a silent prayer for courage to open and peruse it. The papers it enclosed were a will that had been secretly and duly prepared and witnessed, by which the deceased left the entire of her large fortune (excepting only one bequest to Lady Tullibardine) to Eva—the friend and sister of her heart—and the memoranda which, as we have already mentioned, Edith O'Moore had

written from time to time amid the wild solitude of the Pirates' Cave at the Skelig Rocks. The packet had evidently been lately placed within a fresh envelope, which bore a recent date, was sealed with black wax, and endorsed with these simple words:—

“To be read by my own Eva—when Edith O'Moore is dead!”

The Mourner's heart bled within her as she gazed in anguish upon the well-known characters: they unlocked the fountains of her heart, which poured forth a flood of sorrow. Her thoughts clung round the mysteries of Life and Death! and it was only by a strong and violent effort that at length the agitated girl found power to break the seal. Dashing aside the Will, she fixed her eyes with an intensity—“a spell that breathed of heaven”—upon the following disjointed fragments—sad but true records of a broken heart!—

THE THOUGHT-BOOK OF EDITH O'MOORE.

“The Pirates' Cave, Skelig Rocks, 17**.

* * * * *

“My destiny is sealed! Henceforth an isolated being, I sit alone in this dreadful

solitude—far, far from the loved—the distant—it may be the dead!—dragging on the wretched hours of a blighted, dreary, hopeless existence;—and yet a ray of joy that seemed to come from Heaven fell over my crushed spirit, when, accidentally, I found in a niche, amidst the confusion of the Pirates' Cave, the writing materials they had found necessary, and which now enable me in secret to pour forth on paper a feeble transcript of my thoughts—my feelings!—Ah! THEY lie too deep to find an utterance in *words*, or even in tears!—No pen could reveal THEIR anguish, or depict *my* trials—my humiliation—my—no! *not* despair—for my hopes are fixed in firm faith—upon that Great and Glorious One who inhabiteth Eternity. To His decrees, however painful and inscrutable to my finite comprehension, I bow in humble trust and resignation, waiting the undying hereafter, when splendour upon splendour shall roll on before us, and all that was dark and mysterious in this perishable world shall be elucidated by the hand of Omnipotence. *Then* what seem sorrows *now*, may be justly recognised as blessings in disguise.

* * * * *

“ To this cavern belonging to The Irish Buccaneers upon the Skelig Rocks I was brought, by stratagem, from the bosom of my friends and fatherland, and am confined within its dreary precincts by the villany of one of their chief leaders—William Sullivan of Ross Mac Owen. A shudder like that of death runs through me, producing a loathing and horror that almost drive me to distraction even when I do nought but trace his hateful name! How then could I bring myself to record the fearful particulars of his demon-like iniquities?—No! that cannot—shall not be.—If, through the decrees of Wisdom which cannot err, these lines should ever meet a sympathizing eye, suffice it to say that, steeped in the depths of sin, that Man of Crime made Edith O'Moore his victim!—that through his horrific machinations hope and happiness are lost to her for evermore!—In vain, for long, I cast myself upon my knees imploring Heaven for power NOT to call down imprecations on his head! But at last my supplications at the mercy-seat have been heard—the fulness of mental strength and resignation which I sought in prayer have

been granted, and *now* my only curse shall be—*Forgiveness!*

* * * * *

“ I cannot fathom the future designs of my destroyer. It is evident that (at least at present) he has no wish to take away my life, for all the actual necessities of existence surround me.

“ My hideous gaoler, Tim *Lauve Darrig*, brings daily and ample supplies of food and water; and a night-lamp, with flints for its ignition, is regularly left with them in the outer compartment of the Cave, thus sparing me the disgust and horror of ever beholding him. My subterranean prison has been divided by Nature's hand into three several partitions. The middle area is very spacious; its rocky walls are covered with arms of different descriptions, among which various articles of clothing, appertaining to both sexes, are strangely intermixed. Thus, changes of female apparel are ever at my command. The grotesque recesses round this centre compartment are filled with miscellaneous property, which I conclude has been amassed by the Buccaneers in their wild and dangerous traffic, and is placed here for secure concealment.

“ Behind an enormous iron chest (probably filled with valuables) I found, accidentally, a quantity of paper, pens, and ink. Every page which they enable me to indite I will carefully hide about my person for safety. The mass of writing materials I will—to avoid suspicion—leave in their former receptacle—only taking out sheet by sheet of paper, as my sad fragmentary memorial may require.

“ In the farthest division of the Pirates’ Cave are several niches, which evidently have once been graves! In the innermost one I found a sort of rude bed prepared for me, made of sail-canvass, which keeps out damp, and amply covered with hammock-clothes. *There* I sleep ; but oh ! how much more frequently I lie awake, revolving thoughts of agony while gazing on a small opening, far above my head, covered with a curtain of thick ivy, through which, when the wind flutters it, I can see the blue air and the bright glittering stars. During the day I sit and write beside a narrow fissure in the outer compartment, which, as from the nature of the coast at this side of the island no vessel can approach within hail,

has not been walled up. How blessedly at times the breeze pours in, and the Sun streams through this chink, enwrapping me in light and warmth! My soul then imbibes new strength, and, living in a sort of dream-world, I look out upon the broad Atlantic, illumined by the rising or the setting beams of the poet-god, and on the pomp of colouring which wreathes the clouds.

* * * * *

“ With every affliction our Great Creator mingles mercy! And oh! how vast a one it is to me that William Sullivan has never dared to set his foot within my prison, and that even his minion Gaoler ventures not to pollute my solitude by his presence: thus it is wholly unbroken and unprofaned. My mind, undisturbed in its reflections, consequently feeds and feels its intellectual power. The fine sympathies—the visions of things beyond this earth—the contemplation of the deep mysteries of the Universe around me—nay, even of those that people the unseen world—stand out revealed almost palpably! It is as though my *bodily* sight were voluntarily sealed, and the eyes of my *spirit* opened to those stupendous realities that

are above the sphere of nature, as all things are that belong to the celestial world, and which yet form the glorious correspondences between Heaven and Earth.

“ The soul, with its manifold emotions—the systems that gem the ocean of space—the Great Infinity who planned the whole—the path of destinies *His* will decrees—the mind and history of Man—the sentiments and passions that affect him—the myriads of ethereal beings who *may* fill invisibly the atmosphere around us, and minister mysteriously to those still dear! Such, and a thousand other equally grand and thrilling subjects, pour a tide of overwhelming interest on my mind—robing solitude—even so desolate as *mine*—with inspirations beautiful as bright, when I wander on the wings of thought into the spheres of Stars and Angels, in aspirations after the great, the good, and the true.

* * * * *

“ For many hours I have been seated at my usual resting-place, lost in reflection. How wildly the waves beat against the barriers of my rocky and sea-girded prison !

“ There is something in the roar of ocean,

a witchery in its never-ceasing flow, that seems to unite us more intimately with the Almighty Power than any other earthly sound can effect. To me there is a buoyancy—a life—in Old Ocean's breath, which even the long-suffering cannot resist. The perpetual changes of colour that flit over the vastness of the waters supply the place of land-scenery, and almost make one indifferent to it. My imagination is always excited by the sea. I love to look upon the billows which the hand of Omnipotence restrains within their boundaries. 'Tis strange that through the whole realm of Nature we find analogies to human life, which speak through the senses to the soul! The waves of the Sea, are they not symbols of the countless generations of earth that rage, chafe, or sparkle in their brief passage to the mighty shore of Eternity?

“ Is not the varying surface of the Ocean like that of this uncertain world—now storm—now sunshine—ever changing as joys or sorrows hold their reign? And even the beams that sometimes dance so brilliantly upon its liquid mirror, do they not resemble the scintillations of human hap-

piness, which fleet away too quickly, and often leave no warmth upon the heart over which they have passed—or, *if they do*, only render its after-gloom more chill and dark by contrast? I will even go further, and assert that there is *a language* in all nature far superior to the conventional jargon used by the mites of fashionable corruption, either to conceal their thoughts, or to utter those they never ought to breathe.

“ Does not the voice of the whirlwind, as it scourges the Ocean or rules the Cloud, speak of the danger of uncontrolled passions, which lay prostrate while they smite? Are not the faded flowers of Summer emblematical of blighted joys? Does not the breeze of Morning revive as the whisper of Hope? and is not the solemn night-wind like what we imagine would be the sighs of departed Spirits, if they could witness and mourn over the errors of the loved on earth? Yes! the voice of Nature *is the voice of God*, and, as such, should fill and warm the heart.

* * * * *

“ And where are you, my precious Eva—you, whom I have looked to as the rainbow of my future—the promise of hope and con-

solation? And he, your beloved Ogilvie, whose heart is made up of feeling, generosity, and honour—where, *where* is *he*? Alas! the mingled memories of the eventful past weigh down my spirit with the impression, never absent from it, of the vicissitudes attendant on this uncertain life! I cannot forget how often I have seen the prosperous and the happy, the good and the wicked, suddenly cut off by death! nor how frequently the most brilliant talents have sunk beneath the overthrow of reason—going up the rocket to come down the stick!

* * * * *

“What busied memories throng around my heart as they recall the sound of voices that once in joyous tones gave animation to the passing scene, now silenced—to *me*—alas! for ever!

“I see, as if they still existed before me, the smiles beaming with hope—the eyes that glowed with enthusiastic feeling—and yet all these are gone! What millions, eager in the pursuit of pleasure or of fame, have been swept from earth without a moment’s warning to prepare to meet their God! Dead as I now am for evermore to the world where

once I lived, it seems, as if for the first time, to present itself before my mental vision in its real colours; and, remembering the busy multitude crowded on its ant-hill surface, and the total want of reflection (in the real acceptation of the word) which they evince, they appear like thoughtless phantoms fleeting to another sphere! But *no*—I recall that epithet—we are *not* phantoms, but were intended to be rational and accountable creatures, placed here by Omnipotence for a short season, hereafter to ‘give an account of our stewardship.’

“It is astonishing how much it is in the power, even of an humble individual, to exercise an extensive influence on human affairs by good example, thus conferring blessings and improvement on humanity at large—and yet how are such golden opportunities neglected by the mass of mankind! To bestow happiness on others is the *design* of benevolence—to bring happiness home is its *reward*; and rays thus reflected may cheer even the most gloomy fate, and illumine the path of life—

‘Let Fortune’s wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel.’

Eva, may such felicity be yours, enjoyed
with the chosen partner of your heart!

* * * * *

“ The dream of life to me is past ! and to
Her who has no earthly hope, no happiness,
no home, it matters little *where* the last sands
flow out !

“ The Tartar in his tent—the Indian in
his hut—may speak of *Home* : but *I* have
none—can expect none—except that *last one*
which even villany cannot wrench from the
wretched, and to which I trust that I am
hastening fast. This unbroken solitude seems
too sadly peopled by thoughts which, like
unlaid ghosts, *will* haunt the wretched being
over whom the grindings of the iron wheels
of misery pass slowly on, to crush to dust !
Then the heart becomes a Cannibal that feeds
upon itself, and eats away the springs of life.
Oh ! how I long for the flight of my en-
franchised soul !

* * * * *

“ My kind, my gentle monitress—my
almost Mother ! you, who not only taught
me the language of peace and prayer, but
led me to *feel* its sacred influence ! methinks
you speak to me with a voice that cannot

be hushed, in tender reproof of the lines I have just penned! Yes, dearest Lady Tullibardine! the lips that ever breathed wisdom and tenderness to my ear now seem to ask, what is religion but an idle word, if it gives not un murmuring submission to the Divine will, and force and courage to execute rigorously *whatsoever* she requires? In those principles of moral fitness which alone can give stability to the affections or rectitude to the conduct there is no temporizing; action must follow their dictates when circumstances demand it, and a half-success is gained by resolving to meet the strokes of Fate with firmness, decision, and resignation.

“ This imaginary admonition shall not be made to me in vain. Yes, dear counsellor and parent of my heart! I *will* control the impulses of an overcharged and wearied Spirit, and direct it to a hope full of Immortality!

“ My eyes are drowned with tears of yearning love when I reflect upon the many, many years during which I dwelt in sweet communion with *you*, the tender guardian of my youth, and friend of the spring-time of my life. I am again in fancy walking by

your side, my ear drinking in the precepts and instruction which fell from your beloved lips, while I meet your affectionate eyes, whose earnest gaze ever entered to my very soul. Why, why then should I hesitate to be present with you in the Spirit, and to confess the only secret I have ever kept from you, when to reveal it will relieve my heart of a portion of the burden that oppresses it?

“ By some mysterious dispensation, these lines may meet your eye. I wish to live within your memory, and that you should know me *undisguised*, by being made cognisant of the all-powerful passion which swayed my heart so sacredly that the world in its vast circumference contained nought so dear and hallowed. My *Mother*! (let me for once adjure you by that holy name!) I have *loved*—deeply, purely, fervently have loved—Lord Ogilvie! But blame *him* not for this, for never did he try to waken in my breast one emotion warmer than that a Sister ought to cherish for a tender Brother; and thus I have been spared the bitterest pang the human heart can know, that of having crushed affections thrown back upon it by one of those cold-blooded voluptuaries

—alas! too numerous!—who in idle vanity and cruel selfishness seek to call forth, and with hypocrisy *seem* to reciprocate in all its rich intensity, the fervent love of woman, only to make that mighty passion the minister of destiny to change from hope to misery—from rapture to despair—the drama of her life!

“ Among the bitter varieties of earthly grief, few are more calculated to cleave to the inmost soul than a discovery of the worthlessness of those in whom we garnered up the whole treasure of our affections. We feel injured, defrauded, insulted, and writhe under the agony of a conviction which admits of no *human* consolation; for the proper self-respect which, to a certain extent, sustains a high-souled woman under such circumstances, scarcely deserves that epithet.

* * * * *

“ There is always a great difference between the love of Woman and of Man. In the former there is a concentration of feeling which excludes every object but itself, and constitutes the *whole* of her happiness or misery. In the latter, love is more a pas-

sion than a sentiment, and by no means an exclusive one. It is shared (as from the social destination of man it ought to be) with other strong impulses, which, according to his character, find their theatre of action in the world's wide field, where public opinion recognises his talents, privileges, and responsibilities.

“Hence it is difficult for the sterner sex to fathom the soul of a woman who **TRULY** loves, to comprehend the self-sacrifice her heart may become, or to conceive how completely her life may be centred in one hope and in another's being. To see that treasured object constantly, to hear *his* voice, even if addressed to another, and to live within his presence—those are moments so full of holy tenderness, that they can constitute the limit to woman's happiness. Such love as this, I grant, is most rare, but that it *can* exist I know. And oh! who can tell the agonies of the young and hopeful heart, when first it finds the brightest dreams of such an affection vanish for ever? This, too, I have known: but though stupified, overwhelmed, when, by a sudden incident the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw and felt that Eva

and Ogilvie were all the world to each other, still the conviction that *his* love was fixed on *her*, the sister of my soul, one in every way so worthy of it, poured comfort in my bitter cup, and lent me aid to struggle with the weakness of my heart, which every principle of honour and delicacy urged me to control, and, if possible, to *banish*! That I could not do, but I found strength to knit my affection firmly into *theirs*. I learned to make *their* reflected felicity *mine*; and, though accompanied by a strange unrest, centred all my yearnings, anxieties, and hopes upon the future of those two beloved ones!

* * * * *

“Yes, my Eva!—I say it not in vanity of heart, for what is now the world’s praise to me?—your and Ogilvie’s happiness combined made the anchor upon which I fixed my all of life, and peace, and hope! And yet, such is the infirmity of human, or at least of *my* nature, when its finer chords are jarred, that, every now and then, unhealthy, though not *jealous* feelings, fears, phantasies, and uneasy forebodings would disturb my mind, which at length I found so unequal to a constant

attunement to the moral sublime—the heroism attendant on a total abnegation of self—that when Mrs. Sarsdale’s earnest invitation to join her in Ireland reached me, I was persuaded in my inmost soul that it *ought* to be accepted. I thought that absence would strengthen me in the path of right, and aid me to find comfort in the performance of duty. *I went.*

* * * * *

“The result of that fatal visit was something so monstrous, so out of all thought and forewarning, that my soul turns aside from the retrospect with a sickness and loathing mightier than grief, more withering than horror!

“Humbled, stunned, crushed, I fold my hands in prayer. My head bows itself before my Creator. Pride, which was my besetting sin, is gone for ever! And though, shuddering, I turn away without another word on that appalling epoch of my life, I yet have strength to say, from the depths of my wrenched and broken heart, in truth and resignation—Thy will, oh God, be done!

* * * * *

"I no longer allow false lights from an ideal world to fling their illusive glories over the actual one. The hopes of earthly existence—as far as *self* is concerned—have become empty words for me. But, oh! what a plenitude of love and prayer flows with the memories of Eva and Ogilvie into my heart of hearts! My soul imbibes harmony and strength and fulness of life as I think of *them*. I love now as blessed Spirits love, and when the images of those two precious beings stand before me in the bright picture-world of feeling, the Angel of Peace seems to fold her wings around me, a spiritual realm of the mind is opened, and, as thus I review in thought scene after scene of *my* eventful life and *theirs*, I become more and more convinced that Omnipotence, Wisdom, and Goodness directed the whole mighty chain of past events. In such moments how clearly the Soul feels as if in the presence of its Creator, but no language can depict the purity and depth of its emotions. Silence must be their expressive, most eloquent, and only interpreter.

* * * * *

“In the monotony of my dreary solitude, I have tried to keep a regular calculation of Time, dating from the period of my incarceration. If my computation be correct, *this day* is the anniversary of the birth of my beloved Eva Dillon. I am far from thinking that *the afflatus*—the grandest element of poetry, so to speak—exists within me, but I *do* believe that I possess a spiritual sensibility which vibrates to the subtle mysteries of our being, that solemn union between the bright universe without and the grave destinies of the imperishable soul within; and that, where those holy sentiments exist, they combine a host of sacred emotions that are *poetic creations untold*, and which deep feeling often forces from the silence of the heart, to reveal them in the form of the poetic sense, though the finest ethereal essence, the *mens divini*or, of the *true* poet, may be wanting. Thus, my beloved Eva, the reveries and golden dreams *your* natal day awoke found utterance in the following lines. They may meet your eye when the hand that traced them is dust; and, despite their faults, how dearly you will love them *then!* * * * *

“ TO EVA,
On her Birthday.

1.

The Seasons come—and pass away !
The fragrant breeze of Spring's young day
Sports o'er the earth ; but soon it flies,
Like all that's bright, and quickly dies !

2.

The Summer-time, on Pleasure's wing,
Succeeds the gladness of the spring ;
Rich as the glow of Beauty's spell,
That blushing light we love so well !

3.

Autumn returns :—those hours are sped ;
Like dreams they were—but now have fled ;
And through red leaves and branches sear,
The wind sighs o'er a dying year !

4.

Upon the earth's cold silent breast
Winter soon throws her snowy vest ;
The sun of heav'n is overcast,
And the green tints of life are past !

5.

An image of the fate of man
The Seasons are—*his* fleeting span
Through bloom and blight speeds on and on,
Till all his golden hours are gone !

6.

But, child of dust ! whate'er thy flow
Of joy or grief while here below,
Earth cannot stay thy spirit's race
From Paradise—its dwelling-place !

7.

There, free from sin, and woe, and care,
In purer, more delicious air,
God shall grant all for which we sigh,
And vainly dream of—till we die !

8.

Eva ! on this thy natal day,
Thought bears my soul far, far away—
Upwards, with freedom on her wings,
In pray'r to Heav'n's own gate she springs !

9.

There, humbly prostrate, would implore
For *Thee* a rich and ample store
Of blessings through thy future years,
Uncheck'd by woe, undimm'd by tears !

10.

Yes !—I would wish a deathless spring
Of joy should be thy lot—would fling
Thick o'er thy path the Summer flow'rs,
And leave thee Autumn's loveliest hours !

11.

And e'en when time life's Winter brings,
A host of sweet imaginings,
And hopes and memories divine,
I'd pray should still around thee shine,

12.

To make each birthday still more bright,
With all of Earth and Heav'n's own light,
Till, gently sinking into rest,
You wake on high to join the blest !

* * * * *

“Sarsdale Villa, Co. of Cork,
August 24, 1752.

* * * “A blank in the memorials of my little thought-book has occurred ; but oh how portentously have events filled up that period of time in my eventful life !

“Mysterious Providence ! upon my bended knees, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, I resume my pen to leave one last record of the voiceless love and thanks that fill my soul for the merciful decree which ordained me to pass from the bitterest trials honour and affection can undergo, to that haven of peace for which I prayed so often—the bosom of my Country and my Friends. Like the poor tired bird that long has fluttered over the troublous Ocean, panting for a home-ship to alight upon, *there* to close its trembling wings and die—so have I hoped for, struggled, and at last have found *my* resting-place in fatherland with the beloved ones who make my world ; and *now*, knowing all, and convinced that a futurity of happiness awaiteth *them*, I am more than content—I *wish* to go to God ! * * *

* * * * *

“How wondrously was I restored to you, my Eva! and how ‘passing strange’ have been your destinies and mine, through weal and woe, upon this earth! I feel as if writing on the grave that opens to receive me; but the thought brings joy, not sorrow, to my heart, which dissolves in hope, and tenderness, and peace, while thus I breathe my prayer—it may be my *last* on earth—for you and *him* who will be happier in YOUR wedded love than he could have ever been in MINE! Yes! you will be mutually blest, for Ogilvie’s heart is made up of generosity and honour, and his feelings are keen and bright and true as the Damascus blade, while yours are all a woman’s ought to be! Farewell! ye dear ones of my soul! May life with all its best and purest joys spread smilingly around you, and make this world almost as brilliant and as beautiful as that celestial one which opens to my spiritual sight in wondrous and undying radiance! *There* we shall meet again. And thou! my more than Mother—love, such as angels feel, burns within my heart when reverentially I turn to that dear image. Then, Farewell *Thou*! and let that word of solemn memories extend

to my kind aunt, to faithful Norah, to Jessie, and to all whom I have loved !

“Blessed be your fates on earth, and peaceful be your hours when they draw towards a close, as hers who, at this moment, in humility, and faith, and hope, stands on the isthmus between *Life* and *Death* ! * *

* * * * *

I am summoned, and I go to attend the public trial of William O’Sulliyan ! Yet now, even *now*, when all his misdeeds, like a black scroll, spread forth over a stormy and a hideous past, praised be God I feel that holy power within my heart which enables me to say with solemn truth, *I do forgive him*. May pardon more omnipotent than mine descend upon the sinner from on High !

* * * * *

“I will seal up, direct, and place these papers in my desk, so that the moment it is opened, when I am no more, they will present themselves.

* * * * *

* * * I have done so :—and now I feel as if no longer of this earth. My spirit, fluttering on the verge of the future world,

trusts—nay, SEES—that Heaven and happiness are near, for a strange presentiment assures me *I shall die soon, and of a broken heart!*

“Love, and sometimes think of me, my friends! Thus, without disturbing your felicity,—let my memory live embalmed within your hearts; I ask no dearer shrine.

“To all—to each—a long, a fond Adieu! Am I superstitious, or is it indeed the *last* Farewell of

“EDITH O'MOORE?”

* * * * *

And it was the last! And Edith's prediction of the near approach, and even of the nature of her death, had been mysteriously fulfilled! *She died of a broken heart!*

Over the feelings—the overwhelming emotions—which the perusal of her manuscript created, we drop the veil of sympathy and silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Within his soul
His thoughts like troubled waters roll.”—BYRON.

“ Now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilt unto the point
With crowns imperial.” SHAKESPEARE.

LET many months of suffering pass unrecorded away, during which Religion and Time, the great, perhaps the only real soothers of human sorrow, had produced their usual influence over the hearts of those who, though somewhat calmer in their grief, still deeply mourned the fate of Edith O'Moore. Drying the natural tears that were shed for her loss, let us then shift our narrative to other scenes.

Nurse Norah had perfectly recovered from her serious indisposition, but, although that circumstance relieved our heroine of much anxiety, still she continued to suffer acutely, both mentally and physically. Despite of this, vain had been the entreaties of her friends to induce her to try the effects of

change of scene, in the hope of restoring health of mind and body to their original strength. Importunities on this point were earnestly seconded by those of the warm-hearted, though cold-mannered, Mrs. Sarsdale, who kindly offered to enact the Chaperone, if our heroine would consent to travel. Since bereft of her beloved niece, Mrs. Sarsdale had in fact transferred her affections—which when once awakened were by no means languid—to our Eva, in testimony of which she bequeathed to her the whole of a considerable fortune.

Thus worldly wealth seemed to pour its golden treasures almost too abundantly upon our heroine, for, in addition to her own estates, with those of Mrs. Sarsdale, and the possessions of the lamented Edith, the large property of the Marchioness of Tullibardine had been settled entirely on her granddaughter. But in as far as self was concerned, all this species of mundane prosperity brought little happiness to Eva O'Sullivan. Her thoughts still dwelt but too continuedly with the dead, and hitherto she had resisted even the appeals of her beloved Ogilvie, when he besought her to try the effect of travelling

with him and Mrs. Sarsdale ; for, with that *vis inertiae* which we often see attendant on affliction, she shrank from the idea of leaving the spot where her grief could be indulged by pilgrimages to that Mecca of her heart—the grave of her departed friend!—whose memory was green within her soul, though the first exquisite keenness of human suffering was past. This was in the natural course of human feelings, as an extended period had elapsed since the death of Edith O'Moore.

Notwithstanding that circumstance, however, neither entreaties nor arguments had prevailed in inducing Eva to leave Sarsdale Villa, and as ineffectual were the importunities of her affianced bridegroom on a more important point, that of persuading her to become his wife sooner than the epoch which she fixed for that event, namely, the expiration of a year of mourning for her lost, lamented Edith! The twelvemonth—one of probation to the impatient lover—was now within a week of its termination ; but, on the very morning when, amid tears, smiles, and blushes, Eva consented to become the bride of Ogilvie the moment Lady Tullibardine joined them, he received a letter which

gave the startling intelligence that at length Prince Charles Edward Stuart, with a small knot of devoted friends, had actually arrived *incognito* in London; an event which had been unavoidably and indefinitely postponed for months subsequent to the communication that first broached the subject to our hero. The epistle was written in the cipher usually adopted by the Prince, and briefly contained the necessary address, with an affectionate injunction to join him without delay.

Supported by the approbation and entreaties of his affianced bride, Ogilvie resolved that even love itself should not interfere with the duty which loyalty and affection towards Charles Edward equally enjoined. During the year which had elapsed since the private announcement of the intention of the Prince to adjourn secretly to London, many had been the affectionate letters which passed between the Marchioness of Tullibardine and her beloved grand-daughter. In each of them the fondest hopes, wishes, and intentions were expressed, and latterly impatience for their reunion had evinced itself with almost painful eagerness. But having once joined the Prince, under the idea of an earlier removal

to England, the delicacy of Lady Tullibardine deterred her from any proceeding which might have even a semblance of desertion, especially as the defection of some of the most powerful Jacobites had come to Charles Edward's knowledge, and had awoke his suspicions of many of his party. Under those circumstances Lady Tullibardine, notwithstanding powerful inducements to the contrary, determined not to leave the Prince until after his arrival in London, and had abided by that resolution.

The apostacy of *soi-disant* friends which we have mentioned, and important changes in the political aspect of the affairs of Europe within the last twelve months, had caused the hopes which primarily filled the mind of Ogilvie to merge into apprehension, not only for the success of the desperate scheme, but even for the life of his Royal Master. To the penetration of our hero, the plan, now on the point of execution, seemed fraught with ruin; for, the phantasmagoria of Ambition could no longer blind him to the realities of Truth. In proportion, however, to the palpable peril in which Charles Edward Stuart from his own impatience had wantonly placed

himself, the resolution of Lord Ogilvie to share, and if possible to avert it, grew stronger. Hence, no personal sacrifice—no extent of danger—could deter him from supporting a Prince who was dearer to him on the verge of destruction than he could have been under the most brilliant success. Therefore, though viewing with a prophetic eye the evil issue of the hazardous enterprise just undertaken, our hero instantly wrote to signify his determination to adjourn to London, to throw himself at the feet, and to share the fortunes, of his Royal Master.

Equally expeditious were his Lordship's arrangements respecting his idolized betrothed. The Prince's letter was accompanied by one from the Marchioness of Tullibardine, which announced that she had travelled *incog.* with the Prince to England, and had just made Erlinghame Court her temporary domicile, where she received the most affectionate welcome from her old friend, Mr. Yates, the Master of that ancient Manor. Within her Ladyship's letter an invitation was enclosed from that gentleman to the inmates of Sarsdale Villa, entreating them to make his house their home, and to

lose no time in joining Lady Tullibardine there. This missive was couched in the warmest terms, and entreated Lord Ogilvie, on the score of the ancient friendship which existed between them, to use all his influence with the ladies of his domestic circle to consent to adjourn to and remain at Erlinghame Court during the inevitable absence of his Lordship in London, a request in which Mrs. Yates most cordially united. With the approbation of Mrs. Sarsdale and our heroine, this kind invitation was at once accepted in the reply which Ogilvie despatched; and in conformity with his own and Eva's wishes, the Marchioness was requested to narrate the whole of their history to Mr. and Mrs. Yates, who, as has been mentioned, were old and staunch friends, not only of the Lady Tullibardine, but also of the bridegroom elect.

All reluctance to travel vanished at once from Eva's mind, under the delightful prospect of so speedily meeting her beloved Grandmother, never more to part!—and moments seemed hours to her excited imagination during the necessary preparations for the intended journey. It would be super-

fluous to dilate further on the happy anxiety felt by our heroine to clasp once more to her heart the admirable woman who, while in total ignorance of the close ties of blood which united them, had extended all a Mother's tender care towards an unknown and neglected child. As has been stated, letters "full of thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," had frequently passed between them on the subject, in various communications sent privately to France, which detailed the whole account of past and present events.

The warm invitation to Erlinghame Court was, in fact, the result of the Marchioness having dropped some hints of the actual position of existing circumstances, and when, in accordance with the permission she received, they were fully revealed to her Ladyship's host and hostess, nothing could exceed the anxiety they evinced in longing for the arrival of their expected guests.

Devoted heart and soul to the cause of the Stuarts, as their ancestors had been for many generations, Mr. Yates and his wife felt happily elated at the prospect of receiving under their hospitable roof, not only their own

personal friend with his affianced bride, but also the cherished favourites of their beloved Prince. The certainty of becoming intimately known to the bride-elect of Lord Ogilvie they felt to be no common privilege, and such a prospect filled their warm hearts with the most delightful anticipations. Thus the position of the lovers, diversified as it had ever been by cloud and sunshine, was on the whole comparatively happy, when, on their arrival at Erlinghame Court, they were clasped in strong but silent emotion to the heart of Lady Tullibardine;—the next moment, they knelt together at her feet, while, trembling with the excitement of her feelings, she pronounced a solemn benediction on their anticipated union.

It would retard the progress of events too materially were we to dwell on the minutiae of the introduction of the respective parties at that memorable meeting, or on the relative sensations of our principal characters as, after long desolation, their hearts unfolded to hope and happiness, during the scene of their reunion at Erlinghame Court. Suffice it then to say, that as soon as the first overwhelming tide of emotion had merged into

something like a calm, a sense of the noblest affections which can invigorate the human breast fixed their feelings upon the chivalric and Royal personage to whom they believed such impulses were due. Under the influence of this conviction—in which the Marchioness and her lovely grand-daughter, allowing no selfish considerations to sway their conduct, perfectly agreed—Ogilvie, on the evening of his arrival at Erlinghame Court, bade a fervent Adieu to its inmates, and, tearing himself from the arms of his Eva and all that he loved best on the earth, he proceeded with unbounded haste to join the Prince in London. While the journey was rapidly being pursued, his Lordship endeavoured to quell the tumult of his thoughts, and to arrest them, almost to the exclusion of all dearer ones, upon the situation and prospects of Charles Edward Stuart. The longer he pondered on the subject, the more apprehensive he became of the results of an enterprise which, to the clear-sightedness of Ogilvie's mind, seemed to the last degree chimerical and hazardous.

No enthusiasm could blind him to the positive danger attendant on the present *incog-*

nito visit of the Prince, whose ablest friends had vainly attempted to dissuade him from a measure so fraught with peril to his cause. With that obstinacy of character, however, which, with the exception of Charles II., seems to have been inherent and hereditary in all the Stuarts, the Prince, notwithstanding the warnings thus bestowed, determined to carry his point ; and, having once achieved it so far as to have reached London without discovery, he fondly trusted the result would exceed his most sanguine expectations.

But the best-informed and cleverest Jacobites in England, who had never approved of the impracticable scheme which had been so rashly formed, foresaw that it would crumble into atoms beneath the test of experience, and were full of apprehensions for the consequences.

None felt more alarm on the subject than Lord Ogilvie, whose fears had been strengthened by Mr. Yates having taken precisely the same view of it ; and though they had mutually concealed their apprehensions from the ladies at Erlinghame Court, yet so powerful were their own prophetic anticipations of coming evil, that, before the departure of our hero, it was privately arranged that, if

unpropitious fate rendered such a measure necessary, Lord Ogilvie should exert all his power over the mind of the Royal Stuart to persuade him to adjourn secretly to Erlinghame Court. Concealment from his enemies was deemed more likely to be found within its ancient walls than elsewhere, if the Prince could only be persuaded to accept it until the future assumed a more definite and favourable aspect.

It was no common consolation to our hero's agitated and anxious mind to know that in case of the worst he had thus secured a safe asylum for his beloved Prince in the bosom of friends devoted to his interests. The Yates family—as mentioned in “Doomsday Book”—came over to England with William the Conqueror. Their descendants possessed the manor of Erlinghame Court for more than seven centuries, had ever adhered to the religion of their forefathers, and, from the accession of James I., had as uniformly evinced the warmest attachment to the House of Stuart. The present occupants were, as we have seen, not a whit behind their ancestors in hereditary devotion to that royal and unfortunate race. Of this Charles Edward was well aware, and, consi-

dering Mr. Yates as one of his most faithful adherents, the missive which apprised him of the secret arrival of the expatriated Prince in the British metropolis had, in testimony of such feelings, been accompanied by a splendid portrait of his Royal Highness, privately brought from France for the acceptance of the present Master of Erlinghame Court. As may be imagined, this touching proof of regal gratitude was received by the Yates family with enthusiastic thanks. No relic of Catholic superstition was ever regarded with more reverential devotion; and high with pride and hope beat the hearts of the possessors of this picture-treasure, when they beheld it duly installed in the great saloon of Erlinghame Court, between two quaint and massive pilasters of carved black oak,* surmounted by a canopy of purple velvet, in the centre of which a jewelled diadem and an enormous cockade of white ribbon, rested, while the Prince's portrait was protected in front from the touch of the profane by a magnificent screen of railings formed of the finest Corinthian brass.

* See note at the end of the volume.

CHAPTER IX.

“ The sentinel
(That should ring alarm to the heart) doth sleep.”
BEN JONSON.

THE general tendency of Europe at the period of which we write did not point towards monarchical change. The House of Hanover was almost universally considered as firmly seated on the throne of England ; the restoration of that of Stuart, except by a small section of the political world, was deemed impracticable ; and the great subject of parliamentary eloquence (and never was the oratory of St. Stephen's more effective) was chiefly directed, not to the extinction of the hopes of the Jacobites, but to the more pressing questions connected with the commercial and colonial interests of Great Britain, which, notwithstanding the superior abilities of Sir Robert Walpole, had materially sunk under the administration of that distinguished Statesman. The speeches of the factious were filled with complaints

upon this subject, and a vast quantity of popular excitement was created by the struggles of the pending Westminster election. The interposition of Ministers in favour of Lord Trentham—the Court candidate—against his competitor, Sir George Vandeput, a private gentleman whom the electors of Westminster had set up at their own expense, exasperated the latter to a degree of turbulence which threatened to baffle the designs of their opponents. Animosity in its most virulent form was recklessly displayed by both parties, and the whole interest of St. James's was actively put in force against the practical and menacing measures which filled the city of Westminster with uproar, outrage, and tumult.

The Government likewise viewed with alarm the uncertain tenure of the peace between Great Britain and France at this juncture, and regarded with equal apprehension the critical situation of affairs in Germany and Spain. The precarious results of the conferences held at this period at Madrid by the Plenipotentiary of England and the Minister of Spain in discussion of important international questions, which had been left

unsettled by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, also occasioned no small degree of anxiety at the Court of St. James's. The British Government likewise suffered much perplexity in endeavouring to compromise the disputes existing as to the establishment of the limits of the new Colony of Nova Scotia; a question which every day became more difficult to adjust, in consequence of the finesse, chicanery, and procrastination of the French Commissioners, who opposed the justice of the English claims upon that subject.

The impending danger of a rupture between Russia and Sweden, which, if effected, would oblige England to espouse the cause of the latter power, also engrossed much of the attention of George II. and his Court. Those serious questions, combined with negotiations with foreign countries of vital importance to the commerce of Great Britain, were alone sufficient to employ the time and thoughts of the advisers of his Britannic Majesty. Thus, the public mind being directed to so many subjects fraught with importance to the national interests of England, little time was left to bestow on minor considerations.

Frederick Prince of Wales, the head and prop of the opposition, was every day becoming more and more violent in his hatred to the Ministry, and took such a determined part in favour of the independent electors of Westminster, that his Royal Highness actually hallooed the voters on to Brentford from his sedan chair, in which he sat under the Park wall, dressed in a green frock-coat!*

The Jacobites were so transported at this circumstance, that they began to collect subscriptions for all boroughs that should be open, and unquestionably the complicated aspect of public affairs, at which we have merely glanced, had no small share in actuating the more headlong and least sagacious section of that party, to encourage secretly the present wild and dangerous visit of Charles Edward Stuart to the metropolis of England.

When we consider the condition to which the Jacobites were reduced at the time their impracticable scheme was adopted, it seems to have mainly originated in a sort of insane impatience and indignation manifested by the expatriated Prince at the defection of many

* See Horace Walpole's Letters.

of the leaders of his party in England, who, influenced mainly by self-interested motives, had changed their principles, and abandoned a cause to which they had steadfastly adhered for so many years. It was fondly imagined by the minor but more faithful portion of the Stuart's adherents, that the re-appearance of Charles Edward at this juncture in Great Britain might lead those deserters from a political creed to rejoin and rally round their legitimate Prince.

This hope was augmented by the supposition that the disputes which subsisted not only with foreign powers, but internally within the British dominions, must eventually shake the stability of the crown of George II.—an erroneous conclusion, which doubtless had considerable influence on the adoption of an ill-advised and most presumptuous step. Night had closed in when Lord Ogilvie, fatigued in mind and body, entered London; but an instant was not lost in repairing to the secret residence of his Royal Master. Our hero gently gave the preconcerted knock and signal at the door of the mansion. It was instantaneously, though cautiously answered, and in a few moments

his Lordship found himself once more in the presence of Charles Edward Stuart! Subsequent details will perhaps find their best exposition in the private letter with which we shall commence the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

From the Right Hon. Lord Ogilvie

To the Hon. Eva O'Sullivan.

“ London, September 10, 1753.

“ I AM at length alone, indulging in the deep and silent feelings of an overladen heart.

“ At this midnight hour, oppressed by anxious forebodings, I have but one consolation, that of opening my whole soul to you, my life, my Eva!—*you*, whom I love with an excessive tenderness, a truth and fervency of passion, which no words that human lips have ever uttered could adequately tell, nor the outpourings of any pen, however eloquent, describe. What an utter contrast to the one bright vision which so lately absorbed all my fondest feelings is the present now before me! If human nature is a mystery, life is scarcely less so. Its disk is perpetually changing, and events are as constantly occurring which alter in an instant

the whole tenor of our existence, and colour it for ever. I cannot ascribe those incidents to what the world calls chance ; I love rather to refer them to the One Great Cause, who directs and ordains the destinies of his creatures. Viewed in that light, perhaps I ought to restrain the feverish anxieties, the distracting fears, that fill my mind for the fate of our beloved Prince, fears which, since I have seen him, are augmented a thousandfold !

“ I arrived in London late in the evening, and instantly adjourned to this mansion.

“ Having passed the countersign, I was admitted in cautious silence. The flashing of a strong light suspended from the ceiling of a large and ancient chamber fell direct upon the figure of Prince Charles, when, my heart heaving with emotion, I entered the presence at the moment that my Title was announced in a low and suppressed tone. He was walking rapidly up and down the saloon, which, being wainscoted with black oak, and illumined only by one antique bronze lamp, was half in darkness. The whole mind of the Prince seemed engrossed in reading fragments from a large packet of

letters which he held ; and so absorbed was he in their perusal that he never heard my whispered name, nor perceived my entrance until I bowed my knee before him in proof of honour, homage, and devotion.

“The intense expression of Charles Edward’s eye, which in his more impassioned moments it is scarcely an exaggeration to say shoots fire, flashed in sudden delight on recognising me, and, with the glow of rich and rapid feeling on his countenance, he raised me up and clasped me to his breast, as if I had been an equal and a brother. His eloquence was perhaps never more magical than during the long conversation which ensued. Superb and solemn dreams of success expanded into majesty and beauty while he spoke, and the spell was so brilliant, the power of his creations so omnipotent, that it was only when he ceased to dwell upon them that I felt they were but self-deceptions, visions of his fancy, ‘a baseless fabric’ melting into air ! Though at the risk of awakening the displeasure of my Prince, I ventured cautiously, but firmly, to controvert his unfeasible projects, and to point out as the climax to my arguments the absolute mad-

ness of making any attempt to recover the Throne of his ancestors at the *present* juncture.

“His Highness heard me with profound attention, and in reply to my last suggestion assured me (I believe with truth) that no such intention was the focus of his plot, declaring that his visit to London was made solely with the design of personally ascertaining in secret the actual state of political feeling in England, and in the hope that those who had deserted him would return to their duty, and accept the pardon which his gallant spirit yearned to bestow. It was no common consolation, dearest Eva, to receive this assurance; and, after some further desultory conversation, the spirits of his Royal Highness, despite my evil prognostics, rose to their most brilliant flow. With a point and raciness of humour no words could represent, he then recounted many amusing anecdotes, giving, in particular, a playful sketch of the astonishment and consternation of my Lady Primrose on the following occasion. The Prince, tired of walking through St. James’s and the Mall, which in broad daylight he was so incautious as to

parade openly in his own dress (having taken no precaution against recognition, except laying aside his blue ribbon and star), suddenly resolved to go to her Ladyship's house without having given the slightest preparatory information.

“ ‘ It so happened,’ said his Highness, with the gleeful chuckle of a schoolboy who plays a trick on his preceptor, ‘ that my Lady Primrose had a large company that evening. All were assembled, and she herself was playing at cards. I had given a fictitious name to the servant in waiting. On hearing it announced, my Lady Primrose raised her eyes, when on beholding me she started, changed colour, and thought the cards would have dropped from her hands.* Giving me a look in which affection and alarm were beautifully blended, she involuntarily glanced, as she rose from her seat, at my own portrait, which actually hung over the chimney-piece, and which she afterwards told me the very servants remarked was “ so wonderfully like the strange gentleman ! ” †

“ ‘ Nothing daunted I advanced, and, making my best Parisian bow, seized her

* Historical.

† Idem.

hand, pressed it to my lips, and poured forth a torrent of compliments on her Ladyship's good looks. This was skilfully done, for it gave time to rally, and, devoted to me as my Lady Primrose is—almost as much so as my own glorious Flora Macdonald—she smiled a smile that nobody understood but myself, and, returning all my congratulations, addressed me by my assumed name, asked when I came to England, and how long I intended to remain.

“ ‘If my tell-tale eye had been carefully scrutinized, I fear it would have betrayed my lurking, playful triumph at the success of my *ruse*, when I answered,—I hope for life, as I have no longer a desire to *promener mes ennuis ailleurs*.

“ ‘Ha, ha, ha! laughed her clever Ladyship; I rejoice to hear you say so; though *je m'en doute*, for you are so *volage*! And having, with all the graceful fluency and ready *tact* of a woman of the world, made a few more trifling observations, she resumed her cards, having furtively given me a beseeching glance to leave the room.’

“ ‘Which of course your Royal Highness disobeyed?’ I ventured to remark.

“ ‘ *Cela va sans dire!* ’ laughingly replied the Prince; ‘ and to make my poor lady-friend feel even more fidgety, I walked deliberately to the mantel-piece, and stood erect beneath the striking likeness of my Royal self!’

“ ‘ My dear Prince! how could you be so very, *very* indiscreet?’ involuntarily passed my lips.

“ ‘ Oh! remember the motto on our standard in the sequestered vale of Glenfinnan, when it was unfurled there by dear old gallant Tullibardine—*Tandem triumphans!* I felt the spirit of those glorious words burn within me, and that I bore “ a charmed life,” against which nothing human could prevail! Therefore, enjoying my *incognito* exceedingly, I chatted *à l’outrance* on all the topics of the day, and with such apparent *gusto* for the Hanoverian Elector, that I could perceive many of my auditors exchange glances which bespoke their doubts of their fair hostess’s loyalty to the Stuarts, since she had given a cordial welcome to such an anti-Jacobite as myself!’

“ The merry laugh and joyous excitement with which His Royal Highness concluded this anecdote I should vainly attempt to

depict; but the gaiety of his countenance relaxed to an expression of deep feeling as he proceeded to describe the condition of poor Lady Primrose, when, having at length seen her last guest depart, she locked the drawing-room door, and, clasping her hands and raising her tearful eyes, beaming with all that is best in the heart of woman, knelt at his feet.

“ ‘Ogilvie,’ continued His Royal Highness with his own peculiar smile, ‘the unvacillating firmness and exquisite goodness of the sweet creature almost overcame me, when, insisting on her rising, I placed her on a seat at my side, and, having attempted to portray my thanks, communicated every particular of my present position.

“ ‘She heard me with intense interest, and, when I ceased to speak, implored permission to send *instantly* for our famous Jacobite friend, the Dr. King, on whose opinion she seemed to rely with almost superstitious reverence. In this I by no means concurred, but, reluctant to refuse any request from my fair suppliant, I consented to allow her to summon him immediately, only making it an indispensable proviso that

not a word of preparation for the truth should be communicated.

“ ‘ To this she was obliged to submit, and a short note, simply desiring to see him, was instantly written by my Lady Primrose to the sapient Doctor. The servants failed to observe that I had not departed with the other guests ; taking advantage of which, her Ladyship led me by a back staircase to her own dressing-room. There leaving and imploring me to be as silent as the grave, she descended to her Salon, where, having given the note for Dr. King to one of her lackeys to deliver, she awaited his return.

“ ‘ A short time brought the Dr. King *in propria personâ*, when, without a word of preparation, Lady Primrose led him to her dressing-room, and there presented him to “ The Regent, Charles Edward Stuart ! ” *

“ ‘ Ogilvie ! ’ exclaimed the Prince, with a laugh as joyous as that of his ancestor, ‘ the Merry Monarch, ’ ‘ how I wish you had seen the “ Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxon, ” as he pompously loves to be designated ! No *jeu d’esprit* in his “ *Somnium Academicum* ” is half so amusing as the then appear-

* Historical.

ance of its celebrated author. He looked as astonished, though not as delighted, as if popped upon the woolsack! *Du reste*, his three-cornered cocked hat quivered under his arm, doubtless in homage to my royal presence. The black ribbon that carefully tied up his *queue* sympathized in the same tremulous emotion, and Marechale powder sprinkled his legal shoulders, while his learned pate, shaking like a mandarin's, bowed in silent homage as he knelt before me! He actually writhed as one stretched upon the rack, in the effort he made while performing all the usual courtesies; nor were his embarrassments lessened when, on his rising up, I acquainted him with the motives which had induced me to hazard a journey to England.

“‘Vainly he tried to disguise his vexation, and as soon as I permitted him to speak, he assumed an air of profound respect and launched forth into a series of platitudes against the possibility of my success, which, unlike the seductions of the original serpent, only confirmed me to act in opposition to the dictates of the modern viper!’

“‘And if such is your Highness’s opinion,

why rest within his coils?" I ventured to observe.

" 'For this simple reason, that at present they are too much entangled round me and mine to permit emancipation,' rejoined the Prince, adding however, with great good humour, and as if half-repentant of his bitter sarcasm, 'after all, perhaps I may be wrong in my suspicions of the learned pundit, for it is often difficult to form an accurate estimate of men of his *calibre*. At all events, I must at this juncture *seem* to trust him, since he is the only conspicuous Jacobite at the University of Oxford. In proof then of unbounded confidence, I extended my Royal condescension so far as to sculk to his house to take tea with him the other evening. I promise you I enjoyed the scene amazingly, and played the incipient Monarch in the most effective style, especially when—though his affectation of courage was excellently ridiculous—even a sound in the street would cause my pedagogue to start in alarm, and offer to hide me in his China closet!

" 'The few sarcasms in which I indulged on such occasions by no means pleased the Dr. King, who, to prove the sincerity of his

devotion to our cause, punished my implied suspicions by quoting his celebrated speech at the opening of the Radcliffe Library, in his capacity of public orator of the University of Oxford, which he asserts was the main cause of the grand meeting and union between Frederick of Hanover's party and the Jacobites, at the St. Alban's tavern last year.'

"Here again I ventured to interpose an opinion, that, however questionable the sincerity of Dr. King might be, his talents were indubitable, and that, as heretofore they had been publicly wielded in the right cause, it was somewhat dangerous to betray suspicions that might enlist them to the benefit of the opposite party.

" 'Most true, my dear Prime Minister!' playfully rejoined the Prince, laying his hand with affectionate earnestness upon my shoulder. 'The natural instinct of the tiger is to turn on his master at any movement it dislikes, and to devour him *instantly*! therefore, if King chooses to forsake my banner and join a knot of perjured recreants, he shall have no deed of mine to plead in extenuation of apostacy. On reflection I felt the necessity of this so strongly, that no later

than last night I volunteered another descent upon the Doctor's tea-table,—when, lo! I found him more pusillanimous than ever respecting the safety of my Royal person! And on what evidence think you, my Lord?—No less than on that of his own *valet de chambre*, who, after I had left the other evening, said to his master that he thought his new visitor very like Prince Charles! The Doctor, in ill-suppressed alarm, exclaimed, Why, have you ever seen Prince Charles?—No, Sir, replied the fellow; but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts which are sold in Red Lion Street, and which are said to be the busts of Prince Charles Edward Stuart!*

“‘Thus, Ogilvie, you see, I am at least an object of *image-worship*! How pure the incense which fumes before my altar, whether it be taken from the sacred shrine of loyalty, or from the unhallowed repositories of political apostacy, time only can decide!’

“There was something exquisitely affecting in the tone in which the last words were uttered, for it involuntarily betrayed how deeply the generous and sensitive nature of

* See note at the end of the volume.

the Prince had been wounded by the desertion of many of his pseudo-friends. His Royal Highness turned pale, his countenance changed, and the faintness of his voice presented a remarkable contrast to his previously bold, humorous, and sarcastic enunciation. He thrust his right hand into his bosom, and pressed his heart, as if the gesture was excited by the indignation of a powerful recollection.

“Seeing this, I availed myself of the feelings of the moment, by gently, yet firmly urging that the last anecdote was undoubtedly calculated to create the strongest apprehensions in regard to the personal safety of his Royal Highness, for that every moment his identity was subject to being publicly recognised and acted upon by his enemies. Even this self-evident truth failed to quell the gallant and determined spirit of the Prince. It was not to be repelled, and as, bursting into a new chain of arguments, he warmed with his theme, and poured out a catalogue of dangers he had passed scathless on flood and field, he ridiculed the idea that at the present crisis fortune should prove less favourable.

“Solicitude on my side, however, was equally indomitable, and at length, by dint of pressing him from point to point, with respectful energy and some *finesse*, I succeeded in extracting this promise—that if eventually my sense of the ruin our cherished Prince was preparing for himself proved unfortunately correct, he would at once consent to fly with me to Erlinghame Court, and secrete himself within its walls until he could privately effect an escape to the Continent.

“The countenance of his Royal Highness visibly exhibited the reluctance and perturbation of his mind, as after many demurs he granted my last fervent prayer.

“A feverish restlessness—I had almost said a peevishness—was perceptible in a marked and sudden change of manner, as, having given the promise, he coldly requested a truce to politics. But scarcely had the words passed his lips, than, as if angry with himself for momentary impatience, he took my hand, and with unaffected kindness said, ‘Ogilvie, I feel I have been over hasty to you, my best, my dearest friend! Prove that my testiness has not rankled in your

breast, by telling me everything connected with your own affairs, in return for my *historiettes*.

“ ‘ How is the lovely Eva, whom I long to salute as your bride elect, and as the granddaughter of our justly revered and admirable Lady Tullibardine? Many, many a weary hour *en route* has been relieved—nay, totally deprived of tedium—while the Marchioness recounted, at my request, the romantic story of your love, and of her felicity at finding in the fair being she so long had cherished the child of her own lost daughter! Truly, I thought my adventurous wanderings in the Highlands with the queen of heroines, my devoted Flora MacDonald, could never be surpassed in aught of the wild and wonderful; but they are almost eclipsed by the extraordinary incidents I have heard from Lady Tullibardine. Ogilvie! my heart, though used to misery, bled for Edith O’Moore! and if The O’Sullivans had not met their proper fate, I do believe my own right trusty sword would have leaped from the scabbard to inflict it! But come, tell me, and quickly, for it waxes late, all that remains for me to know, as I fancy Lady Tullibardine’s nar-

rative was only an abridgment of her veritable romance.'

"I immediately complied with the Royal command, and, as far as possible, with perfect unreserve.

"Aware, however, of the fine delicacy of the Prince's feelings, I glossed over as much as I could the severe trial to which I was recently subjected in leaving *you*, my heart's best treasure! almost at the very moment when before the altar of our God you were to become my own, my peerless, precious Bride! Our generous Prince turned red and pale alternately while I related some portions of the sad dark history of our lamented Edith which the Marchioness had not communicated; and as I detailed them and our agonies at her sudden death, together with the postponement of our marriage in consequence thereof, Charles Edward wrung my hand in strong emotion, while a tear stole from beneath the long eyelash, and quietly fell down his manly cheek.

"After the pause of a moment, the Prince, in broken accents, expressed his heartfelt sympathy, and, pouring forth a flood of thanks, entreated that, if increased danger eventually

forced his retreat to Erlinghame, he should there have the privilege of bestowing upon me that treasure which even to think of wakens ecstasy—your hand in marriage! Oh, how my blood boiled with rapture at that bright vision, which wound up my senses to such a pitch of excitement, that without waiting your consent, sweet love, I gave the required promise in our united names! I feel—at least I trust—that you will not condemn this pledge; for, knowing how superior you are to all conventional coyness, and how immeasurably you soar above the affectations of your sex, I rest assured that, if circumstances render it essential to the safety of the Prince to escape to the Continent, even on the day he reaches Erlinghame you will consent to go with me in His presence, and that of all the friends around you, to the altar of the church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which, fortunately for the secrecy we must observe, belongs to the Yates family, and lies within the precincts of the manor. This, my beloved one, I implore you not to refuse, even if you and Lady Tullibardine cannot make up your minds that ‘we three’ should accom-

pany the Royal Exile in his renewed expatriation. Tell all these particulars, dearest, with my reverential love, to the Marchioness, and with warmest remembrances to your hospitable host and hostess, whose affectionate kindness to the treasure of my heart I never can forget.

“And now, my love, to show you that the flash of happiness at the prospect of soon possessing you for ever (bewildering as it was from intensity of brilliance) did not *quite* distract my judgment, know that I disappointed the gallant Prince by declining to accompany him abroad with my *wife* (blessed word!) and our dear Marchioness, *unless* I obtained your mutual consent to that important step.

“Reward this, my forbearance, by your most radiant smile, and, with the beautiful sincerity of your transparent character, say in your reply—which, remember, I expect to be a long one—whether you and our revered Lady Tullibardine can fulfil one of the dearest wishes of my heart by magnanimously pledging yourselves to unite with me in joining all our fates and fortunes with the destiny of Charles Edward Stuart. If, as

my heart foretels, you return an affirmative to this important question, bear in mind, my dearest, that we must be willing and ready, at a moment's notice, to escape with our illustrious Prince to the Continent, if circumstances essential to his safety should compel that measure. Surely the spell of human hearts is love, and under all its varied modifications sacrifices are light and easy of endurance—or rather are not felt *at all*—when offered at the shrine of those most dear. But as I wish to leave you uninfluenced in your decision as to accompanying the Prince abroad, I will not say another word upon that subject. ‘*Tant de gens parlent d’amour, et si peu savent aimer :*’ I am far from disputing that axiom, but I assert that when the deep, deep passion which forms the dream of boyhood is realized, with all its fervent truth, in later years, *then* separation from its object, so far from erasing, only fixes the imperishable impression of the noblest of the passions.

“Yes, I know, I **FEEL** that absence is the nourisher of true affection.

“It may extinguish the phantasies of a slight attachment, but increases the power

of a *real* one ; and I am thoroughly convinced that when pure and genuine love is felt *by* and *for* a virtuous object, it is capable of elevating our fallen nature to its highest point of comparative perfection. Many admit this, but at the same time maintain that the converse of the proposition may be equally true, for that overwhelming love often leads to crime.

“ There I differ : because when, as we too often see, humanity becomes degraded to the slavery of vice, dignifying it with the *name*, not the *sentiment*, of Love, we ever find that beings misguided under such a fatal influence become incapable of feeling the latter in its real sense, and during their guilty career are actuated by passion, not affection, by impulse, not principle, by the sins and not by the virtues of the heart.

“ On the other hand, when an attachment *such as ours*, my Eva, dwells in the upright spirit, what grace, dignity, and solace it throws over all the most important relations of social life ! The excellences of feeling, sense, temper, genius, taste, which are the glories of the female nature, shine forth in their truest lustre over the domestic home,

ministering to the happiness of man, soothing his sorrows and correcting his errors. Over the whole compact of civilized life, through all its serious cares, Love, in the intensity of the devotion with which it is felt by us, diffuses a power almost divine. Look also at its influences on literature and the arts. Dante, Corneille, Petrarch, and a host of others, loved, and found themselves poets. Music is the outbreathings of the inward harmonies of Love, eloquence is its muse ;— painting and sculpture flow from the same inspiration. Orators, dramatists, warriors, nay, even *philosophers*, have obeyed the lesson legibly written in the great book of creation, and, open to the impulses of virtuous Love, have become better and more illustrious beneath its sway.

“I know *you* will not despise doctrines such as these, but, lest you should accuse my imagination of running riot, bereft of the ballast of your judgment, which, like a skilful pilot, has so often directed its course, I will turn from the master-passion of my soul to that which, next to it, engrosses my fondest feelings—Charles Edward Stuart.

“When I had ended our eventful do-

mestic histories, and that the Prince was sure he understood them all, his mercurial spirit, subject as it ever is to sudden mutations, revived to its former brilliancy, and flowed forth in a sparkling stream of anecdote, chiefly relating to the adventures of his foreign travels.

“So piquant and attractive did his conversation then become, that it was not until the waning light of the lamp, and the striking of twelve from the *Pendule*, warned us of the lateness of the hour, that either became conscious of it.

“The Prince started, and, hastily concluding a brilliant sketch of mighty Rome with which I had been favoured, said, with that grace which is so peculiarly his own—

“ ‘Ogilvie, with you I always forget the flight of time, which, considering the important business awaiting us to-morrow, I ought not to have done. You must be tired of my adventures, strange as they have been, but perhaps at leisure you would like to read a few, which, *currente calamo*, I put down on paper.’ The Prince then drew from his breast a small book of memoranda, and presented it to me, after which, filling

two glasses of Burgundy from a decanter that stood on a side-table, he pledged me in the well-known Jacobitical toast, 'Success to the White Rose and confusion to the White Horse!' and having appointed the hour of our next meeting, dismissed me with a kind *felice notte*.

"My first thought on finding myself alone was, as I have said, to write to my Beloved One; and so seduced have I been by the dear delight, that not until this moment have I seen that day gleams upon my windows.

"I must hie to my couch to rest, and dream of my own Eva. My first waking act shall be to despatch my special courier with this long and rambling letter, which, from its bulk, ought rather to be called a folio. By the bye, remember, dearest, that I will always send my epistolary communications by my own most faithful and well-tried servant, who will remain a day or two at Erlinghame to rest himself, and will bring back your anxiously desired answer. In these times it would not be safe for any of our party to trust the post; besides, by the proposed arrangement, we can ever write such long, long letters to each other as will,

in some degree, assuage the pangs of absence.

“In my next I will transcribe a portion of the Prince’s memoranda for your perusal, knowing how much you like to receive any portraiture of his life and character.

“And now, may all good angels guard my only love! Again, I say, write pages upon pages by my Courier, and ever rest assured of the undying affection of your devoted

“OGILVIE.”

CHAPTER XI.

*From the Honourable Eva O'Sullivan
To the Right Honourable Lord Ogilvie.*

“ Erlinghame Court, Gloucestershire,
Sept. 18, 1753.

“THE memories of the sweet though transient past, my dearest Ogilvie, must compensate for the bitter contrast of the present, unembellished as it is by your beloved presence. Truly might the great Italian poet say—

‘ Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria!’

I acknowledge this; to a certain degree I *feel* it;—and yet, supported by a fervent trust in the Almighty Being who brought us safely through a series of long-enduring sorrows, my soul springs from its temporary desolation to the buoyant hope that we shall soon—*very* soon—meet again, and under circumstances which may prove that a favourable

presentiment should be confided in as much as its reverse.

“ My mind, I think, is naturally constituted for happiness. I know that I am ardent and enthusiastic, but those very attributes, under fortunate auspices, would secure the felicity my heart tells me I could enjoy, and which your dear voice so often has assured me that I could confer.

“ The disposition, then, to look at the gloomy side of life's pictures with which you have sometimes reproached me, is an acquired, not an original, characteristic of my mind. And how acquired? By the trials, Beloved One, through which we have mutually passed—trials that brought their blight and mildew to the spirit, and bent its elastic spring beneath the pressure of real misfortune. I use the word *real*, from remembering a certain little implied censure which you gently bestowed at our last parting. Now, though I confess I can no more still the aspirations of the imagination than I can depress those of the mind and soul, of which I consider it the offspring, yet, I trust—nay *believe*—that mine is under the control and regulation of my judgment, and hence that, when the colours of my ideal

world fall over the actual one, they are but the Iris tints which beautify the horizon of existence, without misleading in the path of life.

“Be this as it may, you will not quarrel with me *now* for allowing imagination full sway, since that fantastic power is determined to use a *Claude Lorraine* glass, wishing to invest the future *en couleur de rose* ! Neither will you condemn me for fancying myself somewhat like the shell which, long tossed on the tempestuous ocean, is eventually cast upon the sunny sands, where, though it may be found dimmed of some of its former brightness by encountered storms, it can still, when the voice of love is breathed within it, ‘discourse sweet notes of excellent music.’— I ramble on in this wild strain, because I wish, if possible, to cheer the depression under which, it is evident, you labour as regards the future of our equally cherished and revered Prince Charles Edward. Oh ! need I say how deeply I sympathize in all your generous and warm spirit suffers upon his account, or how intensely interested I felt in perusing the details concerning him which your sweet letter gave ? I see, with you, that danger hovers round his Royal head, but

let us trust, my Ogilvie, that the shield' of Omnipotence will avert it, and that the dark cloud which for so long has lowered over the fortunes of the ill-fated house of Stuart will not last *for ever*! What a volume of meaning lies in those two little words! How often they express hopes of happiness which transform this world from a howling wilderness into an earthly paradise—how often they carry to our hearts those stinging realities which probe it to the quick! Would that I possessed that penetrating vision which from its power of looking into the future is called prophetic! but as prescience is denied me, I can only hope that your anticipations of evil will prove unfounded, and that a happy instead of a tragic destiny awaits our magnanimous Prince.

“But should the almost preternatural trials of human fortitude to which he has hitherto been subjected be indeed renewed, Oh! my Ogilvie! can you for a moment doubt that with pride as well as sympathy of heart I will unite my fate to yours and his for ever? Feeling alike, reposing unbounded confidence in each other as we do, one impulse shall prescribe our thoughts and guide

our actions: wherever our beloved Prince Charles Edward wanders there we will go. Affection and loyalty of soul will make every spot *he* treads a hallowed ground; our time shall be dedicated to the consolation of his high and wounded spirit; and blessed in each other by the sacred, undying affection of wedded love, I question, dearest, whether, had we all the world with its riches and honours at command, we should be happier than then!

“In those sentiments the glorious mind of Lady Tullibardine perfectly concurs, and her pale and thoughtful brow assumed an expression almost more exalted than belongs to a creature of this earth when, in reply to my interrogation on the subject, she announced her fixed resolve to share the sequel consequences, whatever they might be, resulting from a steady adherence to the fortunes of her Prince, and her determination to accompany him and us to exile if the inscrutable decrees of Providence shall ordain that destiny. Thus, rest assured that—to use the spirited words of the Jacobite song—

‘Come weal, come woe, we’ll gather and go,
And live and die with Charlie!’

—a determination in which even our humble friends, dear darling *Nurse* and kind Jessie Campbell, cordially unite. As to good and generous Mrs. Sarsdale, she, of course, will return to Ireland.

“ This matter being settled, I hasten to respond to your other question. The answer is simple—Yes! beloved of my soul;—no affected coyness—no paltering with the integrity of the affections shall be mine. My knowledge of your noble heart and the reality of your attachment enables me to fix on a steady, uniform line of judging and acting, producing neither reluctance nor irresolution. Be assured then, dearest, that as my heart responsively vibrates to each emotion of yours, and reposes implicitly on the rectitude of your judgment, no sickly sentimentality nor—what is even worse—conventional affectation shall make me hesitate one moment in going with you to the Altar *whenever* you intimate that wish, and *whatever* be the circumstances under which you may express it.

“ My mind is cheered as well as composed by announcing this unequivocal compliance with your request, and I give myself up to the fond idea that reliance on our God, inde-

pendence of soul, peace of conscience, and self-approving reflections, will not fail—whatever happens—to render us supremely happy.

“ True affection is precisely the reverse to the shadow on the dial, which appears in the brightness of sunshine, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud!—for the duties and virtues of the heart especially beam forth in pure, unmingled tenderness when the dark evils of life—from which none are exempt—come to be encountered and sustained. How true is your definition of *real*—not *romantic* Love, which leads us to soar above ourselves, and aspire after that perfection which shall hereafter join the spirits of the blessed in holy communion !

“ Equally do I agree in your beautiful tribute to the efficient and lovely influences of an intellectual, sensible, and amiable woman. The virtues are contagious as well as the vices, and I believe that *her* winning softness and the potency of *her* example often lure man from the ways of sin, while, soothing his sorrows and enhancing his joys, she acts equally as the handmaid of religion and philosophy, in leading him to *real good*, whether this ascendancy is exhibited in the

touching relations of mother, wife, sister, or friend.

“But why do you pass in silence the powerful influence which constant association with the character of a noble and enlightened man must beneficially exercise over the wedded partner of his heart? Is it that you subscribe to the impertinent definition that Man is only a biped without feathers, *malgré* his contriving sometimes to be quite as *volage* as if blest with those appendages?—But the subject is too important to be treated with flippancy. Let me then seriously request you to tell me in your next whether you agree with me in considering that the conduct of a wise and good man can be as morally and spiritually potential over the gentler sex as you have described the converse power of woman to be. In discussing *her* characteristics the other day, Mr. Yates was eloquent in defending what he called the rights of the female sex, and asserted that, on the broad principles of justice and common sense, woman ought to enjoy many social privileges from which she is at present debarred by a code of conventional and arbitrary laws, formed by man, who consequently

took especial care to frame them entirely in his own favour. He even maintained her claim to a perfect equality of intellect with your lordly sex, and argued that, as an immortal, rational, and accountable being, woman—if endowed with superior mental powers—was bound to exert them not only in promoting the happiness and welfare of her husband and children, but in benefiting society at large by bringing them to bear upon the advancement of public, moral, and intellectual good.

“The conversation was principally carried on between Mr. Yates and Lady Tullibardine. In fact, I had listened throughout with much interest, but in perfect silence, to their animated discussion; but at that particular point of it I asked Mr. Yates if his last remark applied exclusively to the oft-disputed question whether a highly-gifted woman ought or ought not to find a public channel for the outlet of her talents through the medium of her writings.

“‘Not exclusively,’ was his reply; and he was proceeding to dilate more extensively upon the subject, when the entrance of a stupid visitor compelled him to relinquish it.

Give me, therefore, your opinion on this question also ; for oh ! what a happy privilege to be guided by your counsel, and to refer my own judgment of right or wrong to the decision of yours ! In the companionship of your mind, beloved Ogilvie, mine must ever seek its best director, relying as I do upon your admirable understanding with a confidence as implicit as that which I repose in the faithfulness of your heart. Endeared as you are to me by the most sacred sympathies of which our nature is capable, thus would I pursue, beneath your guidance, its highest aspirations and its noblest aims.

“ My thoughts and pen have involuntarily wandered on to such an extent that I have scarcely left myself room to express the great pleasure I anticipate from the perusal of the Journal of our beloved Prince. Pray do not delay one moment in affording me that gratification, and the still dearer one of receiving a letter from you, my own—my precious love.

“ How truly do you say that absence increases genuine affection ! Until you left me I did not think the intensity of the devotion that throbs at my heart—the rich measure of my love—could admit of aug-

mentation ; but now I feel you are dearer to me than ever !

“ We may be sometimes mistaken in the strength, or rather in the *reality*, and consequent durability, of our sentiments, particularly when they dwell more in the imagination than in the heart : but absence soon quenches the *ignis fatuus* gleam of momentary fancy, as surely as it must add steadiness and brilliancy to the enduring light of profound attachment.

“ And yet, though convinced of this truth as thoroughly as I am of the freshness, ardour, and beautiful sincerity of your love for me, still blame not when I confess that every moment seems an age of anxiety until we meet again !

“ Neither can I, dearest Ogilvie, divest my mind of many uncontrollable fears concerning the dangers which surround you individually in your present political position. Oh ! may the invincible shield of Providence avert each peril, and protect my love from all the trials that may be gathering round him ! My thoughts are one long, unceasing prayer to God in his behalf. May it be granted ! and I feel it *will* ; for the rainbow of the

future, though still seen through mist, gives forth promise that a time will come when happiness shall visit us and all we love in the light of better days.

“ The deep, fervent sympathy of my sweet home-circle attends His Royal Highness and yourself in warm and genuine sincerity. Our dearest Lady Tullibardine especially gathers you to her heart in boundless confidence and affection, while she invokes the blessing of God on you, and that noble Prince whose image, with your own, is fondly woven into all her thoughts and hopes.

“ And now farewell, my own affianced one! Slowly and heavily will hours drag on their tedious course as long as you are absent: but how my heart will leap for joy when you return to bless with your presence the deep, unchangeable love—whether in life or death—of

“ EVA O’SULLIVAN.”

CHAPTER XII.

From the Right Honourable Lord Ogilvie

To the Honourable Eva O'Sullivan.

“London, Sept. 25, 1753.

“YOUR letter came home to my heart, my best beloved, with an intense power, a soothing balm, as refreshing as the dew to the opening flower, or green pastures to the weary wanderer.

“Oh! Eva, on my knees I thank the Author of all good for having blessed me with the rich treasure of your deep affection. Next to that Almighty Being, my acknowledgments are due to you, my true, kind, gentle, nay, *angelic* love, for the beautiful candour, the exquisite delicacy, the noble disinterestedness, with which you have acceded to my heart's request, and crowned my highest hopes by consenting to be my wife as soon as possibility allows you to confer that bliss.

“Your untiring devotion to the noble Prince, so mutually dear to us, magnanimously proved by your consenting to share with me his uncertain fate, and to pour into his cup of life the sympathy so soothing and congenial to his taste, also claims and receives my warmest thanks and admiration.

“I likewise feel profoundly grateful to our revered and precious Lady Tullibardine, for the beautiful unison of feeling she has equally displayed upon the same important subject; nor can I omit to record my just sense of the disinterestedness of the humbler portion of our dear home-circle in having come to a similar determination.

“May Heaven grant, my blessed Eva, that the laying of our united loyalty and affection at the shrine towards which they have so long been directed may bring at least one earthly consolation to the heart of Charles Edward Stuart; and that, even if the aspect of his future destiny be as dark as heretofore, the light of our unchanged and true devotion may mitigate its gloom!

“And now let me endeavour to answer the questions you propose. I was first going to treat them playfully, by asking whether

it was by the wand of some invisible enchanter that the salons of Erlinghame Court had suddenly been transformed into a cock-and-hen Parliament! but as I see that you wish for my serious opinions on the subjects of your recent debates, I will give them to the best of my judgment. I think, then, that you are right in your estimate of the power, the ennobling influence, which the mind and conduct of a good and enlightened man can and ought to exercise over the dear companion of his wedded life, thus perfecting and giving, as it were, a spiritual nature to that earthly union, the essential principle of which is, or at least ought to be, *Love*. The peculiar mode of man's education leads to such an expansive range for intellectual cultivation; his opportunities for practical experience in studying the details of human character and the constitution of society are so large and varied, that, even where the natural *calibre* of his mind may be inferior to that of his wedded partner, still the advantages I have named present a strong counter-balance in his favour; because, his reason having been trained to generalize, reflect, and comprehend on a scale so much more exten-

sive than is allowed to woman, or than she can possibly command, his views on most subjects, especially worldly ones, are more likely to be correct than hers. A really sensible and amiable woman will unhesitatingly admit this truth, and will entertain an honest pride, a supreme delight, in being guided by the counsels, swayed by the example, and received into the heart of her husband, united in those holy bonds of responsive affection which permit no vain competition, no wretched rivalry, no mean jealousy of intellect, to interfere with the identification of their interests, feelings, and happiness.

“ Under the dignity of man’s authority, if properly exerted, woman should find at once her surest protection, advantage, and felicity, giving her, as it ought to do, an earthly hold, a resting-place for the boundless capacities of her affections, on which, beneath the guardianship of a stronger power than her own, she may implicitly repose, as on a verdant spot amid the peopled desert of human life. For where, my beloved Eva, can, nay, *ought* the deep confiding tenderness of woman to find and fix its happiness save in the

sacred sphere, the hallowed precincts, of *home*? In the subtle orbit of the world, believe me, that in nine cases out of ten morality is expediency, religion hypocrisy, and friendship but a name! Believe me, too, that human nature, though modified by circumstance, is essentially the same all over the earth; that its boasted wisdom is frequently folly, its pleasures unsubstantial, and that disappointment and vanity are stamped even upon its most successful enterprises.

“A refined and feeling woman, however great may be her intellectual attainments, however powerful the natural forces of her mind, will, in her progress through a state of society so cold, artificial, and eminently conventional as ours, feel herself each hour more and more unequal to its complex intrigues; and then the truth must press with increased conviction on her understanding, that domestic is the only *real*, tangible felicity on earth. Where else, indeed, can a true, warm-hearted, and right-minded woman find it? Surely not among the frigid, the selfish, and the dissimulating, of which the great masses of society are composed; where, though the eye may be dazzled and the ear flattered, the

heart remains untouched by the best feelings of her nature, if, by some fortunate concurrence of circumstances, it *does* continue unpolluted amidst the corrupt and heterogeneous alloy of such a factitious state of things.

“Neither can *happiness* dwell in the publicity of literary fame, however well deserved, because its possession will inevitably expose a woman to the dread and dislike of the silly of her own sex, and to the hatred and attempted ridicule of *the shallows* of mine, who consider her public entrance into the world of letters as an illegitimate encroachment on the peculiar sphere of the Lords of the Creation, and desire to enact the Salique law of intellect, however poorly entitled to claim its protection.

“Remember, dearest, that I here allude only to those whom I have called the *shallows* of mankind, not to the wise and gifted portion of my sex, who I believe are, with very few exceptions, not only ready to acknowledge real talent in the case of a sensible and superior woman, but attach a high importance to the social benefits which the proper exercise of her intellectual powers may confer.

“But which of the two classes I have

named preponderate in numbers? Alas! I fear the solution of the question is self-evident as belonging to the first!

“Thus, my precious Eva, it is my serious conviction that in elevating the tone of thought, feeling, and conversation at her own household hearth—in enlivening, while enjoying its domestic companionship, by raising the standard of every faculty connected with the exercise of the affections, through the ennobling operation of mind on mind—woman finds her best medium for the influence of her mental qualifications, and fulfils her highest destiny.

“Happy, and wise as well as happy, will that woman be who perceives and acts upon this truth, since she may rest assured good feeling, good sense, and good temper are perennials which, properly cultivated, bloom through the whole routine of private life, and gild its close, while the brightest laurels with which the public hand ever wreathed a female brow are liable to fade, and conceal the grub of Envy within their leaves!

“You will perceive, my dearest, that in treating this subject I have considered it more in-reference to the *happiness* of woman

than in allusion to the powerful effect which her genius can beneficially exercise over the world at large. But pray do me not the injustice to imagine that I am insensible to the vast good which accrues to literature and society from the writings of a judicious and high-principled woman, nor think that I am so meanly prejudiced as to condemn her for exerting her talents through their medium. No; believe me, I revere her intellect when ably and fearlessly displayed in such a noble cause, and only regret that, while thus employing it for the public good, she is liable to be misunderstood by the mass of inferior minds, and often doomed to find that even her holiest sphere of action, domestic life, cannot always remain secure from the results her literary labours bring. In one word, Genius, the divine gift of Nature, is loved only by the good, the great, *the few*; and as long as the world lasts, so long will the high-road to learned celebrity be strewn with bitter fruits, which, especially to the sensitive mind of woman, will, with rare exceptions, poison the intellectual career, and prove the fallacies of human ambition.

“ Thus great are the sacrifices which Ge-

nius necessitates ; and, therefore, do I deeply sympathize with a noble and enlightened Woman, when I see her cast into the whirlwind of Fame, unable to arrest her course, and buffeted by the contending influence of things.—Woman ! whose image reigns within the heart of Man—the pole-star of his hopes—the fine ideal of his mind—the being who seems fresh descended from the horizon of a distant Heaven to soften and embellish the outer universe of Earth.

“ But why dwell longer on the treasury of thought and feeling, the purity of heart and mind, the exquisite delicacy of the female character—when properly developed and exercised—since all its most blessed attributes are so peculiarly the portion of my peerless Eva? Oh yes!—they beam in beautiful simplicity throughout the letter I have just received, and find their best interpretation in the tenor of her life. What is propriety?—a conformity of actions with right principles. What is modesty?—purity of heart and mind. What is delicacy?—Petrarch calls it a *fourth* Grace; but perhaps a more correct definition would be, the silent, secret efforts of sentiment, regulated by sense,

feeling, and taste—that rare union of exalted properties which constitute the integrity of my Eva's character, and render her the idol of my heart.

“ But here, methinks, your gentle accents meet my ear, reproaching me for falling into flattery and romantic notions of perfectibility, which, from the infirmities of human nature, cannot exist. Not so, my love. No earthly being, I admit, is entirely faultless. The noblest created mind has only to look calmly and dispassionately within itself to have that conviction forced upon it—a conviction which ought to inculcate the humility on which temporal as well as eternal happiness so much depends. Yet, surely, though *absolute* perfection dwells only in the palace of the Imagination, it may be found *comparatively* in that of Truth; and all who, like myself, have experienced and felt the real value of the loftier attributes of the female character, can scarcely be accused, with justice, of estimating them too highly. For let us remember, that to reverence and aim at perfection ensures its possession, while every virtue thus attained gives a proportionate degree of felicity, and is as essential to the

irradiation of the mutable and clouded scene of life as the light of the sun to the progress and the blossom of the flower which it nourishes into brightness and beauty. And now let me turn to another subject.

“ The Prince continues firm and immovable in his purpose, uninfluenced by anticipation of any of the dangers and troubles which too surely surround, and may at any instant fall upon, his Royal head. His fearlessness amounts to reckless daring, and, blind to my remonstrances, and to the promptings of common prudence, he now walks abroad in the glare of open day through the most public parts of London without attempting a disguise. Nay, as if in defiance and contempt of aught that may assail him, he sometimes wears about his person a medal, bearing date 23rd September, 1752, with the head of Charles on one side, and on the reverse the words ‘*Lætamini Cives.*’* Would that our noble Charles Edward were more mindful of the parting words of his afflicted father, when, in strong emotion, he exclaimed, while tenderly embracing him—‘ Be careful of your-

* See note at the end of the volume.

self, my dear Prince, for *my* sake, and, I hope, for the sake of millions!' But so far from this, he seems to court danger much oftener than he avoids it. The direct embarrassments incidental to this line of conduct are sufficiently obvious, but it seems to me that the Prince's mind has now changed many of its former views, which at the time were perfectly sincere, and is at present in an exalted state of irritability, which makes him almost curse the spells which chain him down from attempting the rashest actions. Nevertheless he ceases not to concoct them in his fertile brain, in proof of which I need only mention that no later than yesterday his Royal Highness proposed to his little knot of adherents a plot for the seizure of the Elector while returning from the theatre, with an intent to carry him off *vi et armis* to the Continent! To accomplish this it was suggested that a number of Irish chairmen should be engaged, who were to attack the Hanoverian servants, to extinguish the lights, and to excite such general confusion as would enable the Jacobites to perform their undertaking.* After much violent discussion, I

* Historical.

rejoice to say that the advice of the Prince's best friends prevailed, by which a plan, at once impracticable and hazardous to the last degree, has been wisely abandoned. My impression, however, is even more fixed than when I wrote last in this conviction, that our political hopes and fears must soon arrive at a crisis. Be prepared for it, my love, and summon to your aid all the noble firmness of your nature, instead of yielding to nervous apprehensions, which tend to depress the intellect, and give an unhealthy action to the mind.

“ Let us rather trust steadily in God, and leave the issue of events in calmness and in hope to his unerring wisdom. What solemn chords of feeling strike upon my heart as I make this fervent appeal to *her* who reigns in it supreme! Beloved of my soul, reject it not. I enclose the foreign Journal of our Prince for your perusal, and send it with this hurried letter by my safe and special messenger, who would willingly die rather than betray me or his Royal Master.

“ Say all and everything affectionate for me to those around you, and, reciprocating from the depths of my spirit your fond hope

that we may soon meet again, fearing no further separation but in death, and praying the Father of mercies to take you into his especial care and holy keeping, believe me, with all my heart devoted and full, for ever yours,

“OGILVIE.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JOURNAL

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

(Enclosed in the preceding letter.)

" Rome, July 1, 1752.

" * * * * A painful void is in my heart. I am reckless, gloomy, sad, and yet at times an anxiety and eagerness accompanies my resolves, and exercises over my soul a complete re-action. I then feel the confidence of one inured to danger, and as if possessed of more power now than before my train of sufferings began.

" When this state of mind ensues, my first impulse is to hurl myself into action, and, rising superior to misfortune, to drink deeply of the grandeur of nature by mingling my thoughts and emotions with the tranquil majesty of the universe, undisturbed amid its solitudes by the dreams of worldly ambition, or the presence of man. And where can

glory in the heavens or beauty on the earth be found in such perfection as in Italy?—the land of the sun—the classic region of poetry—the birthplace of genius—the arena of deeds of mighty heroism, which stir the soul unto its innermost depths, and render palpable the remote and shadowy region of the past?

“ Beautiful Italy ! though cypress-shaded by desolation, what magnitude of design and aërial colouring pervade thy glowing landscapes, enabling the imagination to soar into a spiritualized life through the great and sublime conceptions of Divinity thus revealed to Man ! Let me enjoy those pure and rapturous delights—yes, I will go alone and *incognito*, a pilgrim through the wondrous scenes of this poetic land, and, leaving for a time the matchless monuments of the Eternal City, will hie me to luxuriate among the living harmonies of Nature.

* * * * *

“ Albano, July 3.

“ Visions of romance seemed to crowd round me as I passed through gorgeous trees that flung their quivering shadows upon

verdant glades enamelled with field-flowers, fresh, and laden with perfume; and as the sunlight fell on the pale olive, or tinted the cypress, myrtle, and citron groves, which, like patrician guardians of the loveliness of Nature, rise around the silver lake of classic Albano, my mind felt imbued with the mystic beauty of the olden past. Then for the first time I fully recognised the power of those spells which fell from the glorious archetypes before me upon the master-spirits of Poetry and Painting, and originated creations of genius worthy of such inspirations.

“Where, indeed, can we imagine ourselves as if in the visible presence of Heaven so completely as at Albano? Can it be possible, I ask, that the world contains more noble scenery than that which is presented from different points of her hallowed Mount? I think not; and in taking this ultra-estimate of its beauties, I even leave out of the account its moral interest; for if we allow our judgment to be swayed by the host of historical associations which on every side arise like mighty spirits of the past, where indeed would our admiration and our interest end?

* * * * *

"*July 16th.*—My attention has been chiefly directed to tracing out the spots described by Virgil in his *Æneid*, especially Lavinium and Alba Lunga. The visit to the former cost me a ride in the open Campagna of 34 miles under a scorching sun in the month of July, but I was amply repaid for the danger thus incurred of a *coup-de-soleil*.

"Although not one stone remains upon another of the ancient city, yet I found lying on the pavement of the modern town (Pratica), which stands on its site, a marble pedestal with the name of *Silvius Æneas* upon it! How remarkable that the last lingering atom of a city which dates back nearly thirty centuries should display to the inquisitive antiquary the name of its time-hallowed founder!

* * * * *

"*August 1st.*—My next solitary trip was to Ardea, about seven miles to the east of Lavinium, and, like it, near the sea. This was already an ancient town when Masters Romulus and Remus were being put out to their ill-looking four-legged wet-nurse! It is, they say, the most ancient place in all Italy, and once was amongst the most prosperous.

Its population is now about 170 souls (four times that of Lavinium); its name, however, has remained constant to it from the beginning. It was this place that the Roman army was besieging when the dispute arose between Collatinus and the sons of Tarquin as to the virtue of their wives, and hence the death of Lucretia, the expulsion of the Tarquins, and the re-establishment at Rome of the Consular Government. The sublime loneliness of these ancient places is not the least striking part of the picture.

“The surrounding country is a desert. I have travelled for miles without meeting a human being, or hearing anything but the *Cicala*, even when at the very gates of ruined cities. How often has my inquisitive spirit flown to the Past to inquire the histories of the former habitants of those old, deserted towns, and returned back to the Present, not laden like the bee, but, alas! just as it started — vacant and dispirited! These are the ethereal journeys that longing and discontented souls project from their own little cold house of clay into space vain as boundless, where they find not the desired spot on which to rest! Mysterious worship! who

can describe—who can number thy all-per-vading sympathies? Do they not radiate from these hoary, venerable ruins, not more pregnant with the history of the Great Past than teeming with subtle power to make it live again? Do they not spontaneously arise from these thy own altars, causing the heart to melt and the knee to bend without priestly aid or smoke of incense? The whereabouts of Absent Spirits! how intense the thought, how mighty the jurisdiction it assumes over the feeble, though undying soul! Never can intellectual philosophy be understood in its loftiest bearings until after we have mouldered in the grave!

* * * * *

“Although I began my pilgrimage a solitary wanderer, I have seldom been alone since I started, and my *incognito* has been marvelously well preserved. No doubt my experience, while maintaining the character of *Betty Burke*,* when passing through hair-breadth perils with my pure, my noble Flora Macdonald, and the various other disguises which fate compelled me to assume among the bold blue mountains of my own beloved

* See Note at the end of the volume.

Scotland, gave ample opportunities for learning how to avoid suspicion and escape detection. I am glad I have succeeded in doing so on the present occasion, because, not trammelled by *prestige* of any sort, I avoid the ceremonials of respect which otherwise would attend my rank, and thus see human nature in much of its primitive simplicity in the remote quarters of this glorious land.

“Every excursion I take is full of agreeable and varied incident. As I visit many places where there are no such things as Inns, I am dependent on the hospitality of the natives ; in fact, I am *forwarded* from one house to another, or else (which I like better) I am most hospitably entertained in Convents. Indeed I have almost fallen in love with a monastic life, but certainly not on account of its austerities ! I have, in truth, found nothing but sleek, jolly monks, and good living, except at a Trappist monastery where I halted for a short time ; its inmates are such enthusiasts as to deny themselves the use even of speech ! Yet I mean to go and stay awhile with them *anon*.

* * * * *

“ *August 30th, 1752.*—After I left the Trappists I quitted entirely the paths of civilized life, and passed some days in ranging through the Banditti country, as yet not reduced within the pale of the laws. No traveller (unless he were a captive) has ever been where I went, for I penetrated into the heart of almost inaccessible mountain-forests. Some of the Banditti towns, perched on the peaks of rocks, had rather startling frontispieces above their little gates; over one of them I counted fourteen iron cages, each containing a malefactor’s head!—in short, it is a thousand pities that this wild excursion of mine should be lost to the world, as it must necessarily be in my hands. Three comely volumes might, I am sure, be spun out of it, and that without any *stretching*. I could furnish several chapters on Cyclopean walls, in which the learned might be mixed up with the picturesque in a most edifying manner! But Charles has other ‘occupation;’ for in his heart of hearts he cherishes a hope, a scheme, soon, very soon to be accomplished, which—in Heaven is the trust—will place the Crown of England on the head of the last scion of the Royal line of

Stuart. But no more of this at present. *Attendons—Espérons!* and God defend the right!

* * * * *

“*September 20th.*—I have just returned from my wanderings through the Upper Apennines, where I found a young Frenchman intent on imitating the austerities of St. Benedict, who passed his life in the same mountains some seven hundred years ago. His dwelling is a hole in the rock, into which I had much difficulty in effecting an entrance on my hands and knees, for admission is as hazardous to this strange domicile as it was to that of my own well-remembered ‘*Cage!*’

“At length I achieved it in the way that I have mentioned. This singular man is in the very prime of life, and seems an incarnation of the spirit of happiness and peace! The boughs of trees compose his bed, and his pillow is a projecting portion of the bare rock! How near the clouds his habitation is may be conjectured from this fact,—that the snows of winter rest there always until May, and sometimes until June, and they begin to fall early in October! St. Benedict (*selon l'Eglise*) was fed by the ravens; but his

disciple Heaven knows how! The brook at the bottom of the ravine supplies him in summer with drink; in winter he melts the snow for his beverage. He cultivates a few gourds and cabbages on a stony patch of ground before his little den, and those he quotes gratefully as signs of the wonderful bounties of his great Creator. A neighbouring monastery supplies him with a pound (*i. e.* twelve ounces) of bread per day, *et voilà tout!* The wild wolf often comes to his door, and the wily beast well knows what he is about, for, certes, one of these days he will gobble up the inmate, with all his sanctity!*

* * * * *

“*September 26th, 1752.*—Nature seems to decree to each man a single path. As we are organized, so we feel and act. That poor, humble, half-besotted monk pursues *his*, and finds it lead to peace! I follow *mine*, and, in whatever shape she comes, glory must be my mistress, and love of fatherland my passion. Oh! how I loathe my exiled lot! How fervently my heart turns to the blue hills of Scotland and her brave sons, who, when I was involved in danger upon every

* See note at the end of the volume.

side, rushed to my support and bided with me to the last, content to share my ruin and despair. Yet why *despair*? My heart rejects that word, and a thought long deeply buried, but still mighty, strikes on its reverberating chords, and utters the music of anticipated triumph!

“Yes! it seems as though the Eternal reigns within me, and approves the high conception of my soul. Be it so. I will leave this beauteous but effeminating clime, and return once more to England! Justice and time may yet bring an illuminated page from heaven to receive the record of my deeds, and, even if again found wanting in SUCCESS (which ever with the vulgar makes the hero, ay, though chance alone may happen to confer it!), still, still my heart’s fondest wish may be granted by my God—I may yet die in the embraces of eternal fame!

* * * * *

“London, Sept. 8, 1753.

“ * * * That last thought, which rushed in grand emotion through my frame, like a thunderbolt, awakening all the spirit of the Sobieskis, has led me to fulfil my destiny.

K 2

I have left the sweet south, with all its luxurious delights, and after unexpected delays, which detained me a twelvemonth *incognito* in France, I am again in mighty London.

“Condemned to ignominious privacy, I tread, in what I term secrecy, its tortuous paths; but only for a brief point of time shall thus my Kingly will and right be fettered by necessity. I have reached the brink of the precipice, and with my little knot of warm, true-hearted friends—Ogilvie the chiefest of them and the best beloved—I will soon plunge headlong into Victory or Death!

“CHARLES P.”

CHAPTER XIV.

“ *Hip.* O ecstasy of bliss !
 Am I possess’d at last of my Ismena ?
 Of that celestial maid ? O pitying gods !
 How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
 For all my pains, and all the pangs I’ve borne ?
 Since ’twas to them I owe divine Ismena—
 To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus !
 Yet there’s a pain lies heavy on my heart,
 For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra !”—SMITH.

“ I,
 Beyond the limit of all else i’ the world,
 Do love, prize, honour you !” SHAKSPEARE.

THE splendour of a crescent moon fell in unclouded lustre over the singular richness of the deep greensward of a bank of the Severn which formed a little peninsula at the particular spot where the quaint and curious edifice of Erlinghame Court stood. The beautiful river we have named was suffused with the radiance of the glorious orb of night, which spread its mellowed light not only over its silvered waters, but also upon the heavy and somewhat fantastic battlements and projecting windows of

the mansion of the Yates family, the grey and lofty walls of which were erected at the epoch of the Norman conquest. A massive flight of marble steps led to a colossal terrace of the same material, extending in front, and adorned with several curious pieces of sculpture of great antiquity, now gleaming in the moonlight. A forest of trees, twisted by age into many strange forms, lent their own peculiar portion of interest to the beautiful and smiling picture, as they mapped their contortions in shadow on the velvet grass. At one or two points in the short stretch which the peninsula afforded, the purple hills of Gloucestershire seemed to recede from one another, forming vistas, which, though all were connected by one common range of mountains, severally revealed broken glimpses of distant and luxuriant landscape.

A small barge lay moored and almost entirely concealed under the shadow of a projecting rock, which fell with a picturesque outline over the margin of the silver Severn. At a short distance from this spot a very ancient chapel, dedicated to "the Blessed Virgin," peeped forth, embosomed amid

mighty trees, and thickly covered with ivy, on which sombre canopy the moon looked down in solemn calmness.

But however lovely the landscape we have thus lightly sketched, its scenic effect received perhaps the most interesting adjunct from the graceful figures of two persons of opposite sexes, who, walking slowly on the noble terrace that extended before the *façade* of the fine old mansion, were engaged in conversation, apparently of the most deep and soul-engrossing nature.

Suddenly they stopped and entered the massive porch, which, covered with the passion-flower, the jasmine, the sweet-scented clematis, and other odorous and climbing plants, was surmounted by a large Gothic Cross, finely sculptured in white marble, and contained within its semicircular sweep an oaken bench elaborately carved in bass-relief.

Confronting this entrance to the ancient hall a beautiful *parterre*, quaintly laid out in *arabesques* and sundry strange devices, extended to a considerable length, and was thickly studded with Italian statues, which told with much effect as they rose amid a perfect wilderness of flowers.

Superb fountains of *giallo antico* threw up jets of water, with sweet and soothing sounds, to a considerable height, where, cascading downwards, they threw a mist of delicious freshness over the ancient garden, the flowers of which filled the air with fragrance, while the moon shone fair and far upon the tranquil beauty of the scene.

When the lady entered this porch, she raised the long white veil which had hitherto concealed her face, and, as she sank upon the oaken bench, the glorious eyes of Eva O'Sullivan were lifted up, and rested in unutterable love on those of her devoted Ogilvie.

He spoke no word—for the moment he could not; but as he stood before the woman he adored, and bent to kiss her noble forehead, Eva felt an eloquent tear of happiness drop upon her cheek.

“Beloved of my heart!” exclaimed the enraptured lover in strong emotion, as the next moment he threw himself beside her and twined his arm round her waist, “I am mastered—overcome by my tumultuous sensations. Do not think me weak, or that I shame my manhood, but at this moment life and earth seem to me so bright and beau-

tiful, so full of bliss, *now*, when on the verge of making you my own for evermore, that I tremble from excess of rapture, and find my best interpreter—a tear!”

“And, dear one, deem you not that I accept the silent pledge and participate in the feeling which has caused its flow? Oh, yes! to share such aspirations, to mingle in your joys, and, above all, to soothe your sorrows during our united lives—have not such high impassioned thoughts a power which seems to me so great that it could almost conquer death? And yet,” she added, with an earnest and deep solemnity that was peculiarly affecting, “ought not, *must* not, less blissful emotions dwell within our hearts, and cast a tender shadow over them? Does not the treasured memory of our Edith appeal with agitating mastery to the world within us—now, at this sacred moment, which fixes alike the past, the present, and the future on our thoughts and feelings, as if with an imperishable spell? And is that spell less powerful when also enforcing a remembrance of the dangers that surround our beloved Prince even to-night, when, in disappointment, secrecy, and sorrow, he will, with us

and ours, leave, and perchance for ever, this the fair realm of his inheritance, his own, his native land, where he was born to reign?" There was a fervour in the tone with which those words were spoken that sent a thrill through the heart of Ogilvie, and mingled with the rapture of his feelings, as, pressing his affianced bride still closer to his side, he murmured in a subdued and almost faltering voice—

"In what soft sublimity you clothe the thoughts that rest within your bosom, and waken from the depths of mine my strongest emotions, even as the touch of the Minstrel calls forth what tone he wills from the strings of his harp! A nature finer than mortal *man* could ever know has taught you thus to feel and argue. Yes, fascinating being! *I* am the selfish one, for in the rapturous certainty that this very night you will be my own, my peerless bride, I confess my soul was so filled with that blessed consciousness, that no other could find entrance there:—*I* was wrong. Thus let me seal my pardon."

Eva, with the glow of maiden youth, softly extricated herself from the fervent embrace that accompanied those words, and a

smile of ineffable sweetness lightened the melting tenderness of her countenance, as, taking the hand of Ogilvie, she besought the full detail of those circumstances which, an hour before, had caused the sudden appearance, almost in breathless haste, of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and her affianced husband at Erlinghame Court.

“Few words will give it, loveliest and dearest,” answered Ogilvie, returning, with a look of rapturous affection, the tender pressure of his Eva’s hand. . He paused a moment and then said, in a tone of deep and thrilling seriousness, “Moneyless, almost friendless, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, and surrounded by numerous and powerful enemies, our noble Prince grew so desperate, so perfectly reckless, that he actually gambled with his fate, and seemed to find his only consolation in daring and confronting danger with reprehensible rashness. When I ventured to remonstrate, I was met with this remarkable reply,—‘ Providence has conducted me in safety through so many dangers, that I am certain I am under the peculiar care of Heaven, and that I am destined for some great end.’”*

* See note at the end of the volume.

“So strong was this impression on the Royal mind that nothing could erase nor daunt it. The same spirit which, at the early age of fifteen, led him at the siege of Gaeta to perform deeds of valour which made both his friends and enemies tremble, though from different motives, has lately animated him to still greater rashness;* and, as I told you in my last, the Prince, throwing off all disguise, was wont to walk openly abroad through St. James’s and the Mall in his own dress, only laying aside his ribbon and star.”

“Oh, how imprudent, yet at the same time how courageous!” exclaimed Eva, involuntarily interrupting the recital of her lover; “but can it be possible that he escaped recognition?”

“Certainly not; but many, even of his enemies, were so struck by his heroic contempt of peril, that they forbore to give information of his presence to the Government. Nay, from high, though strictly confidential authority, I have heard that the Elector himself was aware of the fact, and mentioned it to the Secretary of State, Lord Holdenness, subjoining the embarrassing question, ‘And what do you think, my Lord, I should

* See note at the end of the volume.

do with him?' Perplexed in the extreme, the wily diplomatist was puzzled how to reply, fearing that, if he declared his real sentiments, they might be deemed too indifferent towards the reigning family. Perceiving which, George of Hanover extricated his Secretary from the horns of the dilemma by adding, with much good humour, 'My Lord, take no trouble to reply, for I shall just do nothing at all, and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.' " *

"But from what source could the Usurper have been informed of the presence of our Prince in England?" demanded Eva, with a gesture of extreme surprise.

"Doubtless the intelligence came from some individual who was at my Lady Primrose's when his Royal Highness made his injudicious visit there," returned Ogilvie, in an irritated tone. He paused a moment; then, as if recollecting himself, and with an emotion that powerfully agitated him, he said, "I scarcely know how to interpret this conduct on the part of the Elector; but mean what it might, there existed an infinity of other reasons to prove the absurdity of

* See note at the end of the volume.

cherishing the remotest hope of success to our party at this juncture. Still, I question whether even His critical and dangerous position could have led his Royal Highness to consent to leave this country, were it not for the late decided act on the part of the Government—the execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron, which was followed by the almost general defalcation of his former adherents. Oh, Eva! had you but seen the dignity of fallen greatness with which the Hero (for such, whatever be his fate, is Charles Edward Stuart) stood in the centre of the fifty partisans who alone continued faithful to him, and who, in suspense, rendered nearly intolerable by the interest they felt, awaited his answer to their supplications to resign his desperate enterprise! Never, never can I forget that moment. The Prince's form seemed actually to dilate, while, his heroic spirit burning in his eye, he seized the proper moment to speak, and, lifting his arm on high, as if to enforce his meaning by the action, he said, in a voice so impressively grand that it descended to the depths of every heart around him,—

“ ‘ Could I but command four thousand

men out of the legion of those who ought to be my own, my loyal subjects, how joyfully I would head, and lead them on to Victory!* But, as it is —' The arm of the Prince fell as he uttered those words, and his hand, descending to the hilt of his sword, rested on it; he stood in silence for one instant—then, suffering his lip to curl to a proud smile, that ill disguised his inward agony, he firmly said—

“‘Be it so, my friends. Do with me what you will. This, my true sword, for the present sleeps within its scabbard!’

“We crowded round him, and a low murmur of applause, mingled with stifled sobs, testified our feelings. Unable to command himself any longer, our heroic Prince hurriedly dismissed the meeting, and, with his usual recklessness, rushed out of the house, in the direction of Hyde Park. I was the only one who ventured to follow the Royal steps.”

“And did you overtake them?” demanded Eva, with hurried emotion.

“Yes; and so quickly as to accompany His Royal Highness at the moment he entered

* Historical.

the Park. Scarcely had he done so when the Prince was met by a gentleman who instantly recognised him, and attempted to kneel to him publicly as King of England.”*

“How rash! And the consequences?” demanded Eva, with strong anxiety.

“Alarmed at the insane act, which almost insured immediate discovery, I sharply rebuked the enthusiast who had committed it; and, freeing the Prince from his detaining grasp, succeeded in persuading him to return to his incognito residence immediately. There fresh disasters awaited us, for the lady with whom our Royal Master lodged met us in breathless agitation, declaring that, from information just received, she dared not harbour the Prince one moment longer in her house! Seeing that every ray of hope was now extinguished, the Royal Stuart no longer opposed the wishes of his few remaining friends, and consented that the barge which brought us here so unexpectedly, *en route* to Italy, should be instantly hired. Heaven grant that the voyage thither may be propitious on this night—the blessed one which will make my Eva my beloved bride!”

* See note at the end of the volume.

CHAPTER XV.

"Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,
Amaze and charm mankind."

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

"O Love!

Thou art the essence of the universe!
Soul of the visible world! and can create
Hope, joy, passion, madness, or despair,
As suiteth thy high will."

WATTS.

"Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!"

ADDISON.

"Farewell!

Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul."

IDEM.

EVA, who had been exceedingly excited and overcome by the preceding conversation, reposed her cheek upon the shoulder of her lover. After many moments had thus passed in the delicious repose of silence, and mutual, though tacit, communion of feeling,

the maiden raised her eyes, which, as the moonlight fell upon them, seemed invested with almost unearthly beauty, and softly said—

“Ogilvie, when I look upon you I acquire a strength, a moral courage, that I believe springs not from my own powers, but emanates from your sustaining presence. All gloom seems to pass behind into the shadows which the broad light of the moon throws back, while at the same time she makes us visible to each other, as thus we converse in harmony as perfect as the hour.” She paused a moment, then, in a still more solemn voice, she said,—“Ogilvie, we love and trust in God. In that bright certainty let Hope, our presiding star, give forth assurance of a happy future unto us and all our hearts hold dear !” A hallowed light seemed to issue from the depths of those azure eyes, that, pure and cloudless as the sky above her, and brilliant as the stars to which they were upraised, spoke the swelling aspirations of her soul—for Eva looked and felt as if in the visible presence of her Creator.

At this moment a strain of music, sweet and touching as if it were a Spirit’s song,

floated through the air, and, from the excessive stillness of the night, so clearly, that even the following words which it accompanied were heard by the lovers, while they listened in breathless silence to the divine melody which filled their hearts with thrilling delight.

1.

“ Oh ! let our Vesper Hymn arise
In gratitude to Heav’n ;
And through the Saviour’s sacrifice
Be all our sins forgiv’n !

2.

Throughout the day, O God ! thine arm
Hath shielded us from ill :
Extend it yet—preserve from harm—
And be our Guardian still !

3.

In peaceful sleep our eyelids close ;
And, as we sink to rest,
Oh ! may our Souls on thee repose,
Redeemer of the blest !

4.

And e’en when death’s long starless night
Shall shroud us in the tomb,
Oh ! may our Spirits spring to light,
And fearless pass the gloom !

5.

Then joyfully let ev’ry heart
Exult—rejoice—aspire !
Oh God, to each of us impart
Thy Spirit’s sacred fire !

6.

As Morning chases Night away,
May Sin and Sorrow flee
Before the soul-sustaining ray
We supplicate from Thee!

7.

When the Last Trumpet's solemn breath
Shall summon from the tomb,
And waken from the sleep of death
All men to meet their doom—

8.

Then, when the Lord shall come in might
To judge the earth, may we,
Clad in the robes of life and light,
Ascend to Deity!"

The gush of music, entrancing as that we hear in dreams, now ceased. A deep radiant blush lighted up the countenance of Eva almost to the beauty of an angel, when, as the last notes died away, Ogilvie clasped her to his heart and murmured, with impassioned fervour—" 'Tis the Nun's Vesper Hymn!—the pre-concerted signal to announce that all is safe and ready for our nuptials within yonder Chapel. Thank God—thank God!"

Eva could not speak, but, gently returning the pressure of her affianced husband, she released herself from his embrace, and, bend-

ing her head to her bosom, clasped her hands and pressed them over it.

The lock at this instant turned inside the great entrance door of Erlinghame Court, which opening widely, a blaze of light revealed the splendid form of Charles Edward Stuart, who, advancing from one of the intricate avenues peculiar to old houses, took his station in the centre of that ancient hall, surrounded by his friends. The Prince held up his finger to command silence, and, eagerly pressing forward, met our agitated heroine at the moment when, rushing from the porch, she sank upon her knees at the feet of her Royal Master. He stretched his arms over her in blessing; then, gently raising her from the ground, the Prince turned to Lord Ogilvie, and, with deep emotion, grasped his hand, while placing that of Eva in its fervent clasp.

The action spoke for itself, and required not the few expressive words of strong affection which fell from the lips of Charles, as he united the hands of the devoted lovers. They felt themselves blessed—happy almost beyond their strength to bear; and, looking the thanks they could not speak, obeyed the

silent gesture of the Prince, as he gently took the arm of Eva and, resting it within his own, passed with her through the porch; then, while a benignant smile played over his expressive features, he softly drew down the long bridal veil over the face of the agitated maiden, and, having motioned to the remainder of the group to follow, passed with her to the terrace. And now they all walked forth in the fair moonlight over the velvet grass towards the glorious old chapel of Our Lady, with its tombs, white, calm, and gleaming out from the raven boughs of the spreading cedars that surrounded it—that little band of friends, the majority of whom were pledged, for the eventful future, to be all-in-all the world to each other.

Night never moved on a more brilliant pathway of Stars, which, to a poetical imagination, might seem to look down with eyes of love upon the nuptial group, so softly radiant were the rays with which they lit it onwards to the ancient Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin.

It had been the hereditary custom of the Master of Erlinghame to leave this Chapel open for the benefit of the pious poor of his

neighbourhood ; and a curtained-gallery was appropriated to such nuns of an adjacent convent as chose to attend what were termed the public prayers of "the Court." This gallery was often frequented by those *religieuses* who had not yet taken the black veil, and, as it struck the friends of the Prince that an additional security against his discovery might be afforded by making their Vesper Hymn the signal for the commencement of the nuptials, instead of more publicly announcing them, it had, as we have seen, been effectively adopted through an arrangement secretly made with the Lady Abbess of the Convent.

The wide and massive doors facing the Altar of the time-hallowed edifice flew apart as the marriage-group reached them. At the upper end was a magnificent oriel window paned with the beautiful stained glass of the thirteenth century, and beneath it lay the great altar, surmounted by a splendid *Salvatore* bearing the cross, and illuminated by a profusion of waxlights in high candlesticks of solid gold ; for, on the present occasion—despite the imprudence of the measure—the Master of Erlinghame had been

unable to resist displaying the treasures of his Sacristy, in token of respect to his princely guest. A profusion of living flowers, of the richest hues, breathed fragrance from numerous vases of the rarest porcelain, while a gorgeous service of church plate glittered amid their hues and perfumes on the solemn shrine. Before it stood the Minister of God in his priestly vestments of white and gold, and wearing the magnificent white lace stole peculiar to the marriage ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church. He held an open missal in his hand, ready to begin the solemn rite of Marriage ; the organ pealed forth a glorious anthem, and numerous acolytes, in white surplices, swung fragrant incense too and fro from golden censers.

The main aisle was of some extent, and ere the nuptial group had gained its centre they were met by the venerable Abbess of "The Convent of Our Lady," who, having first reverentially and right loyally done homage to the Prince, greeted gracefully the remainder of the party. Then turning to the bride-elect, she gently raised the nuptial veil, and kissed her with much solemnity on either cheek. "The blessing of

our Lady be upon you and yours!" were her next words, as, receiving the hand of Eva from the Prince, she led the blushing maiden to the Altar, accompanied by her affianced husband. They knelt in solemn silence before the sacred shrine. His Royal Highness then drew the arm of the agitated Lady Tullibardine within his own, and both took their station immediately behind the bride and bridegroom. Mrs. Sarsdale and the remainder of their friends closed round, and, beyond the outermost boundary of the circle thus formed, the physiognomies of a small group of peasants who, devoted to the faith and person of the Prince, would have sooner died than have betrayed him, and who now gazed in unsophisticated emotion on the scene before them, gave an interesting effect to the striking picture. A more prominent point, however, was presented in the figure of Nurse Norah, as, completely overpowered by the strength of her emotions, and her frame shaking from head to foot, she yielded to the passionate impulsiveness of her character, and threw herself upon her knees beside the equally faithful Jessie Campbell. The next instant, clasping her hands, and raising her

aged eyes to heaven, Norah ejaculated, in utter forgetfulness of aught, save her beloved Mistress,—“Virgin of Heaven,—bless, Oh! bless 'em both!” A mild, but expressive gesture from the Abbess commanded silence, and recalled poor Nurse to a proper sense of the scene around her, and the decorum it enjoined; when, burying her agitated features in her trembling hands, the honest creature lifted up her soul in the silence of mental prayer.

The sacred ceremony then began, and, at the appointed moment, the Royal Stuart, “looking every inch a king,” advanced, and gave away the bride to the true love of her heart.

The Priest then (as is customary in the Roman Catholic Church) put on the ring, half-way down her fourth finger; after which the enraptured Ogilvie passed it over the lowest joint. The memorable words which made them one for ever were then solemnly and devoutly spoken.

The holy ceremonial soon afterwards reached its termination, and as the wedded pair rose from their knees, amid a cloud of ascending incense, Ogilvie clasped his Eva

in ecstasy to his heart, and gave way to an incoherent effusion of delight and passion. It was responded to through tears ; but with a smile so expressive of perfect happiness, chastened by modesty, that at this interesting moment of her fate *The Lady Ogilvie* looked the beauty and purity of an habitant of Heaven now clothed in the bliss of Earth !

The Prince, forgetting for the instant all his private sorrows, immediately claimed his Royal prerogative, by greeting the bride with a salutation almost paternal in its heart-felt sincerity, and then resigned her to the extended arms of the Lady Tullibardine.

Upon that faithful and maternal bosom Eva reposed for one delicious instant, which was an age of deep and grand emotion.

Her spirit, absorbed in the holiest sentiments, and true to the immortality of her hopes, ascended from that sacred shrine—a mother's breast—in unutterable aspirations, to the throne of the Eternal.

From this short but fervent trance of feeling Eva was recalled by a few thrilling words of blessing from the Lady Tullibardine, as, having pressed her closer and closer to her heart, she resigned her to the congra-

tulations of Mrs. Sarsdale and her other friends.

And then, "a thousand blushing apparitions" mantling her lovely countenance, Lady Ogilvie received those tributes of unfeigned affection, with a grace and feeling peculiarly her own. The moment the last was given, she instinctively held out both her arms to her devoted Nurse, who, regardless of all ceremony, flew to her embrace, and, flinging her hands round the neck of the affectionate bride, found relief for the intensity of her transport in a flood of tears, mingled with thanksgivings.

All were affected by this spontaneous outburst of feeling ; but one common impulse prescribed the termination of the touching scene. Under this impression Lord Ogilvie, after a few words of warmest sympathy to the faithful Norah, disengaged his bride from her encircling clasp ; and, with looks of proud and happy love, drawing his wife's arm within his own, his Lordship, with the remainder of his friends, followed the Prince and Lady Tullibardine, who had already passed the portals of the Chapel, and were proceeding rapidly towards that part of the

Severn, where, as we have already mentioned, a small vessel lay at anchor. Its buoyant form was distinctly revealed by the clear beams of the moon, which, though now partially shaded, threw irregular masses of light and shadow in finest combinations over the surrounding landscape.

There was a seat near the river where luggage and mufflings of various descriptions were deposited. A plank was thrown across from the bank to the barge, and, as an old domestic stowed away some baggage, it was clear that Mr. Yates's secret orders were obeyed, and that all was ready for immediate departure to the mouth of the Severn, where a vessel of fitting size lay privately ready to bear the Royal Exile and his friends to Italy. The dignity and presence of mind of Prince Charles did not forsake him even at this trying hour. True, he looked deadly pale, and it was evident that deep-seated thoughts of blighted prospects, disappointed ambition, and blasted birthright weighed upon his noble spirit, as, having gained the margin of the Severn, he handed Lady Tullibardine into the barge; but almost immediately recovering himself, he stepped back to land, and,

turning full round, prepared to take a long farewell of the little group of friends who, compelled by stern necessity to remain behind, now crowded from the Chapel to the point of embarkation.

There was a noble sadness on the brow of the unfortunate Prince, as he raised his full eyes, and fixed them, radiant with intellect and affection, on the faithful beings who to the last attached themselves to his unhappy fate. Charles Edward Stuart looked almost supernaturally heroic, as thus for a moment he stood with folded arms in the midst of them; for the devotion of his heart corresponded with the harmony of his features, while his fine form seemed to dilate into grandeur from the force of his internal emotions.

The planet of the night at this moment walked forth in lustrous beauty, from beneath a wandering cloudlet, and the stars that gemmed the space of heaven threw their various rays, like a manifestation of glory, over the Royal and the fallen one! Tears of sympathy rushed into the eyes of his faithful adherents as they gazed with unutterable sorrow for the last time upon their Prince; and as this conviction pressed upon them,

stifled sobs burst forth from many a manly heart.

For a moment the Prince seemed quite unable to articulate ; but in the next, making a grand effort to command his feelings, he doffed his hat, and, walking straight into the centre of his friends, said, in a voice inexpressibly dignified and affecting,—

“ Gentlemen, farewell ! It may, or may not, be *for ever*, yet, still, farewell !—and with that sad—that wretched word, accept my heart’s best thanks, and believe the only solace it receives, on leaving this my native Land and Kingdom, is the certainty of your true and well-proved loyalty to the doomed race of Stuart. My friends, again, farewell. God bless you all !”

As the last words passed the royal lips, the voice that breathed them faltered, and was almost inarticulate from strong emotion. Unable to add another syllable, the Prince stepped on to the ladies of the party, and, having with agitated affection taken leave of them, he passed on from one to another of his weeping friends ; and amid their bursting sobs, shook hands severally with each, manifesting a depth of feeling unmis-

takeably sincere. Nor did such emotion detract one iota from the habitual dignity of the unfortunate Prince; for, though fallen, indeed, and overclouded, still Majesty was *there*—grand, impressive, and perhaps even more imposing from the attending circumstances.

As the last of the little knot who were to remain received the regal adieu, Lord Ogilvie hurried up to the Prince, and said, in an emphatic whisper, “I pray your Royal Highness to forgive me, but time wanes, and we must instantly depart, if safety is to be ensured.”

The unhappy Charles bowed a silent assent; but instinctively yielding to an emotion that would not be repressed, he turned round to the Master of Erlinghame and his amiable consort, and held forth both his hands. They rushed forward and fell at his feet.

“No more—no more!” ejaculated the Prince in a broken voice of indescribable tenderness. Then raising his agitated friends from the ground, he clasped them for one short moment to his breast, and rushed over the plank into the barge. Lady Ogilvie threw herself, in the strong emotion of a last embrace, on Mrs. Sarsdale’s bosom, and then on

that of Mrs. Yates. It was necessarily the act of a moment. In the next she wrung the hand of her late host with unfeigned affection, and then, drowned in tears, was led with gentle firmness by her husband to the barge. The Prince, on re-entering it, had almost instantaneously recovered his now habitual air of melancholy calmness, for as Lord and Lady Ogilvie, followed by Norah and Jessie, came on deck, he joined them, with a firm step, at the spot where Lady Tullibardine stood, and, requesting the ladies to take their seats, his royal hand assisted Ogilvie in adjusting the large dark-hooded mantles which his Lordship assiduously wrapped around the objects of his solicitude. The plank was now removed, and, returning to the extremity of the vessel, Prince Charles stood there with folded arms, and one foot firmly advanced—a position which he maintained as long as the friends he left on land were visible. The little bark unfurled her solitary sail to catch the light breeze which had sprung up, and the next moment, at a signal from the Prince, she glided onwards over the silvered bosom of the Severn.

As if actuated by one instinctive impulse,

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every individual of the group upon the moon-lit bank dropped upon his knees, and each man, with the strength of a devotion far beyond the power of language to describe, bent his head upon his breast in silent prayer. A moment passed thus, and then the faithful Jacobites upraised their pale faces, but still retained their prostrate position, while, in mute emotion, their eyes followed the departing vessel as it approached a point of land which, jutting like the horn of a crescent into the river, they knew must shut it out for ever from their view. The Prince, his whole spirit subdued by the feelings which rushed through it, dashed away the unwonted tears through which he gazed, and, as the vessel was turning round the cape, he upraised his hat and waved it to the kneeling group, with the sad yet passionate emotion of a final Adieu. The action was responded to with indescribable enthusiasm by the devoted friends of Charles Edward, who, actuated by one feeling of sympathy, arose and rushed to the margin of the bank. There, straining a last long lingering look, they all held forth their arms, as in fervent silence they mentally invoked a thousand blessings on the little bark which

bore away the ill-fated scion of the House of Stuart, and the equally heroic companions of his destiny.

At this instant the sky, which at the beginning of the eventful night had been calm and bright as the Spirit of Happiness, now suddenly became obscured. A slight electric flash passed through clouds that had been gradually gathering at a particular point of the horizon, and which, now condensed and massed together, floated like a funeral pall above the bark. Sad but true omen of a darkened future!

CHAPTER XVI.

"On rolls the mighty drama to its close,
Fate's hand upon the curtain still unraised!
Before the coming of a mighty thing
Sits panting Expectation!"—JOHN EDMUND READE.

"Time and the everlasting hour had brought
The day of change, by their own spirits wrought,
Fill'd with the process of recorded thought."—IDEM.

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Ay, more; fret till your proud heart
break!" SHAKESPEARE.

THE affairs of the world never stand still. The fall, whether of the Statesman or the King, retards them not; and national changes, however violent or subtle, republican or monarchical, still fail to arrest the moral government of the globe. Ever in transition, the social mechanism of the body politic moves on, pursuing the grand career of destiny; and the Spirit of History, while ministering to the sagacity of man, teaches the grand fact that the Divine Intelligence which regulates and upholds myriads of worlds in the vastness of

space, directs each of them in the way it should go, and evidences, in our own comparatively little sphere, an ordination of circumstances which, however inscrutable to human perceptions, proves to demonstration the superintendence of the Deity. To the reflective mind it is equally obvious that the same Great Power, at various epochs, raises up, controls, and shapes the course of those bold and remarkable spirits which, whether their achievements be victorious or defeated, are still the instruments of Omnipotence in fulfilling the decrees of eternal wisdom.

In the class of eventually unsuccessful heroes stood Charles Edward Stuart—the Prince, the Wanderer, the Exile! Eight years had elapsed since his departure for the foreign clime of Italy, which he reached in safety, surrounded by the little band of friends who were still the faithful companions of his fate. During that period Lord and Lady Ogilvie, with the Marchioness of Tullibardine, had rigidly adhered to the fortunes of their beloved Prince. The charm of their society had mitigated the sorrows of banishment from his native land; and as, by fits and starts, the resolution or the agony of the

hour prevailed over the heart of the Royal Exile, his devoted friends poured the balm of sympathy upon it, actuated by that sublime power which mixes itself alike with the taste and the affections, the imagination and the intellect.

The kind and generous, though apparently frigid, Mrs. Sarsdale had not long survived the marriage of the Lady Ogilvie. She appointed Admiral Colebrook her executor; and, in compliance with the instructions of her Will, that excellent man, who continued as well and happy as when first introduced to the reader, fulfilled them to the letter by effecting an advantageous sale of all her property, and transmitting the large sum which accrued from it to Lady Ogilvie, at whose request he also disposed of the Ardea estates, and forwarded to the fair vender the amount which they produced.

However satisfactory those arrangements may have been to the hero and heroine of our drama, yet had they never been effected no serious diminution of their happiness would have been the result; for the kindly flame of their conjugal affection was so genial to virtue and to social happiness, the nerve of

sympathy by which their united hearts communed with each other was so indissoluble, that no merely mundane considerations could have materially disturbed it.

Thus Lord and Lady Ogilvie continued to enjoy felicity as calm and pure as the bright skies which shone above their heads in Italy, the land of the sun—the mother of nations, of genius, and of the arts—whose delicious clime presented such a contrast to the sombre atmosphere of England. No envious cloud cast a shadow over *their* happy lot, except that especial one which still lowered over the Royal and ill-fated Stuart.

Yet, though viewing with intense interest the dark and wondrous workings of his nature, which manifestly were still employed, with subdued but almost sacred enthusiasm, on chimerical hopes of restoration to the Kingdom of his birthright; yet so blessed to Lord and Lady Ogilvie was the certainty that nothing earthly could now separate their destinies—so exquisite was the perfect affection of their united hearts, that, were it not for the one deep shadow cast upon them from the doom of the expatriated Prince, they might have been in danger of forgetting that

our sublunary state is ordained, by the wisdom of Providence, for one of discipline and probation, preparatory to the *only* sphere where unmixed and permanent felicity can be enjoyed—not Earth, but Heaven !

The excellent Lady Tullibardine, rejoicing in the chastened happiness of the children of her heart, felt almost repaid for all the bitter trials of her previous life ; while those faithful but humble individuals of our history—Nurse Norah and Jessie Campbell—fervently participated in similar emotions, and would not have exchanged their present lot for the splendours of a palace.

But the whole cast of Charles Edward's character—the absorption of his mind in ever pondering over the darkness of his destiny—precluded his sympathizing, beyond a certain point, in the happiness of the domestic circle that surrounded him. His own more immediate one had lately caused him no ordinary share of disquietude. The unfortunate *liaison* of Prince Charles Edward Stuart with Clementine Walkinshaw, daughter of the Baron of Baronsfield (to which the interests of this narrative have not hitherto obliged us to allude), had proved in every way in-

imical to His Royal Highness's prospects, both in public and private life. The daughter by that connexion, whom, after his own name, he called Charlotte—and whom, afterwards, he created Duchess of Albany, had ever been the object of his tenderest affections. The most lavish care and expense had been bestowed upon her, and, the whole force of the Prince's sensibilities being fixed upon this child, he had ever refused to yield to the importunate entreaties of her mother, who was most desirous to have her educated in a convent at Paris, as being a more permanent and suitable residence than the peculiar circumstances of the Prince allowed him to command. Finding, however, that Charles Edward, with the usual determination of his character, obstinately refused to comply with her request, Clementine Walkinshaw secretly obtained the sanction of the exiled James the Second to the measure, and, on the 22nd of July, 1760, escaped with her daughter, at midnight, from Bouillon to Paris, where the latter was placed under the protection of the French government, through the influence of her paternal grandfather, who then exerted himself to the

uttermost to moderate the anger and the indignation of his son.

Thus thwarted in the tenderest point of his affection, and continually receiving news from England which seemed hourly to confirm the stability of the Throne of George the Second, it is not surprising that Prince Charles became a prey to morbid misery, which nothing but the stimulus of action promised to remove.

The victories of Wolfe, Clive, and Hawkes were such as to command the astonishment and admiration of Europe; and had never been surpassed in history. Such a series of successes incontestably established the maritime power of England, and constituted the reign of George the Second a remarkable and brilliant epoch in her annals. The conquests of Great Britain in the East were still more splendid than in the Western world; and thus, victory shining upon her, in America, Asia, and upon the Ocean, the Star of her fortunes seemed to gain a luminous ascendancy in the political horizon, to antagonise which, with any prospect of success, appeared impossible.

But like the influence of gravitation in the

earth's momentum, the remembrance of all he had lost, and still madly hoped to regain, forced on and irresistibly impelled the unfortunate Prince through the remnant of his now sad but once powerful and proud career. To see, what *he* naturally deemed, the arm of usurpation, seize and retain successfully his hereditary Crown, seemed almost a preternatural trial to human fortitude; and when he received from his Jacobite friends in England an intelligence of the sudden death of George the Second, at the moment when the British nation presented such a glorious figure to all the kingdoms of the world, it is not surprising that that unexpected event aroused the mind and spirit of the Royal Stuart into a ferment of unhealthy activity.

The account of the demise of the late Monarch was accompanied by the further information that his grandson—now George the Third—was to be married to the Princess Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and that the Coronation of their Majesties was to be celebrated with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

The Prince's equanimity was not proof against this trial; and his martial spirit,

enterprising as ever in war and politics, brooded secretly over the event, not only with the feelings of a man who had gallantly maintained an unequal contest, but with that spirit of unconquerable ambition and devotion to his birthright, which, through his chequered life, had so often led him into measures as injurious to himself as to the country he loved so well.

The vessel of his hopes was now floating on a boundless sea, without the guidance of a judicious chart or compass, and wholly driven out of the true course, was whirled about—the sport of every gust of passion, and subject to be hurried into any port which the impulse of the moment might happen to recommend. In this state of mind Charles Edward, if he did not shroud his thoughts in actual hypocrisy, at least endeavoured to conceal their workings, even from his dearest friends. The garb of mystery, however, in which he thus tried to clothe his moody meditations, failed to impose on the sagacious penetration of Lord Ogilvie, to whom it was perfectly clear that the mind of the unhappy Prince was absorbed in the construction of some secret, new, and important design.

Looking with the eye of experience on the fluctuations of kingdoms, governments, and men, his Lordship's searching glance at once recognised the extreme danger attendant on chimerical schemes, which, though wholly ignorant of their nature, he more than suspected were labouring within the bosom of his Royal Master. This apprehension, however, so far from deterring Ogilvie from sharing any dangers incidental to them, only confirmed his loyal spirit in his resolution to adhere to and abide by the perilous fortunes of the Prince; and whether the advice he might eventually be called upon to proffer was followed or rejected, he determined the resolve he had formed should be unchanged and unchangeable. Delicacy restrained Lord Ogilvie from intruding on the confidence which—foreseeing the objections that would be raised—was obviously maintained, for the present, by the Royal Stuart.

Without seeking, then, to penetrate the mysteries which were agitating that world within—the mind of Charles Edward—his faithful friend, convinced that eventually all its intentions would be laid open to his inspection, contented himself in awaiting

that moment of unbounded confidence, when, whatever might be its nature or its issue, he resolved to identify himself with the ultimate results. This beautiful devotion of feeling and design was applauded and reciprocated, with all the generosity of woman, by his lovely and heroic wife, to whom Lord Ogilvie hesitated not to reveal his suspicions of, and intentions regarding, the future movements of their Royal Master.

CHAPTER XVII.

"And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat."—WARTON.

"High-thron'd, amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the Garter'd line!"—IDEM.

WE have said that since the necessitated departure of Prince Charles Edward Stuart from his native country in 1753, our history has taken a leap of eight years down the stream of Time.

The remembrance of the calamities and apprehensions felt by the people of England, prior to that period, from the imposing array of patriotic determination which had been shown by the devoted partisans of the exiled Stuarts to effect their restoration to the Throne of their ancestors, had gradually receded from the public mind. The victories attendant on those remarkable efforts had sunk into comparative oblivion, and the spirit of enthusiasm, as well as that of turbulence, being thus lulled into a calm, the sober pru-

dence of England took its turn in the administration of affairs, and ruled the internal policy at its pleasure.

No symptom of revolt was now exhibited, nor would have been even if a fitting opportunity presented itself, for, as the extinction of a hopeless cause became manifest even to those who had taken the most active part in formerly supporting it, the general resolution to maintain inviolate the Hanoverian succession became still more fixed, and was, indeed, almost unanimous. The bravery of patriotic virtue displayed by the Jacobite party during their short but brilliant career—their mysterious trials and revolutionary struggles—even the moderation they had evinced in the first moments of extraordinary success, were alike forgotten by the mass of the population of the British empire: but the abortive issue of the madly courageous attempts of the adherents of the Stuarts was well remembered by the majority of the nation, and, despair no longer daring to struggle for ascendancy, Great Britain had assumed an aspect of determined and dignified tranquillity.

Sensible of the necessity of maintaining such a state of things, and sick of the dis-

sensions and dangers of the past, the people of England, therefore, anxious to promote the general welfare, and backed by the whole strength of public opinion, continued to support the House of Hanover, and hailed the accession of George III., the grandson of their late King, to the throne of Great Britain as the augury of a serene and prosperous reign. By the laws and constitution of England, His Majesty could not espouse a Roman Catholic, consequently, was precluded from intermarrying into any of the most illustrious of the Royal families of Europe. Charlotte, Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz—a small but sovereign state—was therefore selected as his consort; and on the 8th of September, 1761, the Royal nuptials were celebrated with much pomp by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the private Chapel of St. James's. The 22nd of the same month was chosen for the Coronation of their Majesties.

The morning destined for that august ceremonial dawned amid rain and clouds, but at the hour appointed for the commencement of the festival the sun shone forth auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the great national event.

The Royal bride and bridegroom went in their sedan chairs to Westminster at nine o'clock, and, on arriving there, the former retired to a chamber called the Court of Wards, and the latter into an apartment belonging to the gentleman-usher of the Black Rod.

The nobility and others who were to walk in procession had been previously mustered and marshalled by the officers of arms in the Court of Requests, the Painted Chamber, and the House of Lords, whence the grand cavalcade was conducted into Westminster Hall. The walls of that magnificent structure were covered with newly-constructed galleries, that rose to the roof on every side, and were filled by the most distinguished personages of the realm, superbly attired, and adorned with a profusion of magnificent jewels. At the upper end of the Hall on an elevated platform two gorgeous chairs of state under equally splendid canopies were placed.

All eyes were directed to that spot, when their Majesties, in the full robes of royalty, appeared and took their seats, attended by the Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Con-

stable, the Earl Marshal, and other principal officers of the realm. Four splendid swords of curious workmanship, and two pair of spurs, were then presented in form, and placed upon a table before the King, after which the gate of the Hall was thrown open to admit the procession from the Abbey.

With solemn and dignified steps the Bishop of Rochester and the Dean of Westminster, accompanied by an imposing retinue, walked up the centre of the Hall, bearing the Holy Bible and the Regalia of their Majesties, resting on gorgeous cushions covered with cloth of gold.

Those splendid objects, having been severally laid before the Monarch and his consort, were subsequently delivered to the respective officers destined to bear them in the grand procession which began to form in due order.

There is always something inexpressibly imposing in a multitude of people simultaneously bent upon the same object, and assembled for the same purpose; for it presents a personified enthusiasm which nothing but a monstrous mass of human beings can exhibit to the same extent. It seems a visible

incarnation of that mighty minister of earthly destinies—the *Spirit of Power*, and can scarcely fail to create a train of reflections on the extremes of good or evil that may flow to mankind from its omnipotent influence, which, as it is well or ill employed, must elevate or debase a nation, it may be for centuries. Never, perhaps, were the associations of thought and expectancy thrown into one general body with greater unanimity than at the Coronation of George the Third.

The fronts of all the houses that could command the slightest point of view were covered with scaffolding to the very roofs, and were hung with carpets and cloths of varied and brilliant colours.

This almost interminable line of temporary erections was divided into innumerable galleries, rising tier above tier like the boxes of a theatre, and completely filled by an immense concourse of spectators, many of whom, being richly attired, presented a magnificent contrast with the populace beneath, who crowded the streets almost to suffocation.

Ranks of foot-soldiers lined the inside of the lowest platforms, and on the exterior

large parties of the horse-guards were stationed in their full and brilliant uniforms.

Much uproar and resistance had prevailed among the mob in consequence of the belabouring of their heads with the broadswords and muskets of the military while endeavouring to force back its pressure; but when the door of the House of Lords flew open, every personal annoyance seemed forgotten in the universal cheer which greeted the Princess Dowager as she issued forth and proceeded on a platform, erected for the purpose across Old Palace Yard, to the south cross of Westminster Abbey, conducted by the hand of His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, whose handsome person was elegantly-attired in a suit of white and silver. The demeanour of both those Royal personages was graceful and affable in the extreme, as, bowing repeatedly, they moved on with their attendant suites.

The magnificent hair of the Princess, confined only by a circlet of diamonds, was allowed to flow down her shoulders in a flood of hanging curls of surpassing richness, and she looked the *beau ideal* of a royal matron as thus she walked slowly forward, led by

the Prince, and followed by her other children, in order to await the arrival of their Majesties at the Abbey.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the great doors of Westminster Hall unclosed, and the commencement of the august procession was intimated by a prolonged shout, which seemed to rend the skies.

The King's herbwoman, with her six handmaidens, first advanced along the large platform, covered with blue cloth, and protected by railings on each side, which had been erected for the occasion, and strewed the way with the sweetest herbs.

The sunlight fell in full lustre on the dazzling accoutrements of the military, and told with equally pictorial effect as it shone over the scarlet mantles, ermined robes, and official insignia worn by a long array of City authorities and judicial personages, walking two and two, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer and the Judges of both Benches bearing their caps in their hands. Those again contrasted well with the snowy surplices of the children of the choir of Westminster, as well as with the copes and more sombre robings of the dignitaries of the Church. The Master

of the Jewel House, with his attendant officer—both dressed in scarlet—the Bath King of Arms, in the habit of his order, and coronet in his hand—the Knights of the Bath under the degree of peers, walking in pairs, attired in their full costumes, and carrying their plumed caps—were followed by the various Pursuivants at Arms, the Privy Councillors, and the high officials of His Majesty's household, all in their appropriate and splendid habits.

The Barons and Baronesses of estate, bearing their coronets—the Bishops in their rochets, their square caps in their hands—the Heralds in the full paraphernalia of chivalry, wearing their respective coats, collars, gold chains, and badges—followed. The nobility of England, from the rank of Viscounts and Viscountesses to that of Dukes and Duchesses, and all attired in their full robes of estate, then walked two and two, bearing their coronets. Those resplendent personages were followed by a long and picturesque train, composed of Kings of Arms and the great Officers of State, which terminated with the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, bearing his cap. Two gentle-

men of the privy chamber followed, in crimson velvet mantles, lined with white sarcenet, and faced with minever powdered with ermine, who, their plumed hats in their hands, represented the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy. Yet, brilliant almost beyond conception as were those accessories of the national pageant, they ceased to attract the spectators the moment their Majesties came distinctly into view.

The Sovereign and his Consort were then spontaneously hailed by a prolonged cheer, which pealed from thousands of human throats in reiterated echoes, like a national anthem.

The mien and countenances of the Royal bride and bridegroom were impressed with a dignity befitting their exalted station, tempered by an air of amiable complacency that was singularly attractive, and which seemed to justify the acclamations of the people.

Her Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain walked in his robes immediately before his Royal Mistress, with his coronet and staff in hand. Beside him the Earl of Northampton bore the ivory rod with the dove, preceding the Duke of Rutland, who carried the sceptre

with the cross, both noblemen in their full robes of estate ; the Duke of Bolton, attended by four sergeants-at-arms, followed, bearing Her Majesty's Crown.

The Queen, in regal costume, and her head diademed by a circlet embossed with jewels, walked under a canopy of cloth of gold borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports, her train supported by her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta in robes of estate, assisted by six Earls' daughters, who were followed by the Marquis of Carnarvon, bearing the Princess's coronet, and the Mistress of the Robes, with the ladies of Her Majesty's bedchamber. The King's regalia succeeded ; St. Edward's staff, the golden spurs, the curtana, the sceptre with the cross, and the second and third swords of estate, borne by a train of nobles all attired in the robes of their respective orders. The Ushers of the Green, Red, and White Rods then headed a procession formed by the Lord Mayor of London, in his full costume, bearing the City mace ; the Lyon King of Scotland, carrying his crown ; the Garter Principal King of Arms, his diadem in his hand, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

The Lord Great Chamberlain of England, his coronet and white staff in hand ; the Royal Dukes of Cumberland and York, in full robes, carrying their diadems, and their trains upborne, were followed by the Earl Marshal, the bearer of the Sword of State, and the Lords High Constables of England and Scotland, each of those nobles carrying the insignia of his rank.

In the rear of those brilliant personages the Duke of Richmond appeared, holding the Sceptre with the Dove. The Earl Talbot, Lord High Steward, bore St. Edward's crown, and the Duke of Somerset carried the orb. Those noblemen were followed by three Bishops, namely, the Bishop of Rochester holding the paten, the Bishop of Carlisle the Holy Bible, and the Bishop of Chester the chalice.

This part of the procession was flanked on both sides by sergeants-at-arms, one of whom carried the staff of the Lord High Steward, and the other his coronet.

A loud shout of "*God save the King!*" proclaimed the actual presence of George the Third, as at length he appeared in the centre of his people in his kingly robes, a cap of estate studded with magnificent jewels upon

his head, and walking under a canopy of cloth of gold upheld by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports, his train supported by six lords, the eldest sons of peers.

The stateliness of the young King's person, and the affability of his countenance, which, at this period of his life, was decidedly handsome, never appeared to greater advantage than at this moment; and as he benignantly looked upon his people, and bowed in return to their unanimous plaudits, even the blasts of the trumpeters were drowned in the spirit and ardour of general acclamation.

As the procession reached the corner which commands a prospect of Westminster Bridge, their Majesties suddenly stopped, and looked back at the countless multitude that, with uncovered heads and upturned faces, resembled one vast human mosaic.

That moment must have been a proud one to the Royal pair, for the concentration of the assembled masses of the lower orders, and the enthusiasm they evinced, gave a national pledge for the stability of the throne more secure than even that presented by the presence of the highest personages of the empire in all their display of pomp and

power, because the first was a public demonstration of the feelings of the central classes of the country, that strong social balance which mainly tends to preserve a just political equilibrium between the Crown and the People.

In a few moments the procession moved onwards, but the long train of distinguished individuals who followed in the wake of it were now comparatively disregarded, every eye being fixed upon the progress of their Majesties.

Silence fell upon all as the King and Queen of Great Britain entered the grand and venerable pile of Westminster Abbey. The peal of the glorious anthem which a full choir of music struck upon the ear was most impressive, as George III. and his Royal Consort walked erectly up the main aisle of that grand cathedral, where the potentates of England and their Queens have been crowned at the commencement of almost every reign since the foundation of Monarchy ; and when the Sovereign and his bride, attended by their gorgeous retinue, took their seats, the *coup d'œil* was transcendently magnificent.

The presence of George III. and his Queen seemed, in fact, the visible incarnation of the Monarchy. The general assemblage in the Abbey—composed as it was of the highest representatives of the Peerage, the Church, the Army, and the Navy, with the Ministers of State, the heads of the Legislature, and all that was most distinguished of the gentry of England—might be with equal justice termed the presence of the Nation, while the glittering costumes of the foreign ambassadors and their suites made, as it were, historical groupings in the living picture by the associations they awoke, and the illustrations which they gave of the progress of political society.

Add to this, the gorgeous aspect of the aisles and galleries crowded with all the beauty and the rank of England, glittering with coronets and jewels, amid which a forest of white feathers waved to and fro in admirable relief—and, even then, but a faint image is conveyed of the splendours of the Coronation.

The usual recognition and oblation having been made, the Litanies chanted, the responses sung by the whole choir, and the

Communion read, a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury.

At its conclusion the Sovereign and his Queen arose from their chairs, and, attended by their supporters—the Lord Chamberlain bearing the sword of state before the King—they walked majestically to the square platform erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, and knelt on the cushions placed there, after which the Monarch subscribed the declaration, and, with the usual solemnities, took the Coronation Oath.

Their Majesties, then returned to their chairs, and, at the conclusion of another soul-stirring anthem, the King arose, and, with slow and solemn step, proceeded to, and sat down upon, St. Edward's chair, which, covered with cloth of gold, was placed in front of the altar. A superb pall, of the same rich material, was then upheld above the Monarch's head by four Knights of the Garter, when his Grace of Canterbury took the consecrated oil from the ampulla, and anointed his Majesty on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands. After this the Sovereign was presented with the spurs, girt with the sword, and invested

with the Coronation robes, the armilla, and the imperial mantle, or Dalmatic robe of cloth of gold. The orb was then delivered, and the ring put on the fourth finger of his Majesty's right hand, by the Lord Archbishop, who also presented the Sceptre with the Cross, and the other with the Dove.

One solemn moment followed those proceedings; and then his Grace of Canterbury, standing before the high altar, uplifted St. Edward's Crown, consecrated and blessed it with a prayer, and, assisted by several Bishops, amid silence that might almost be felt, placed it reverentially upon the head of George the Third.

At a pre-concerted signal, and instantaneously, the Park and Tower guns fired, and the old walls of the abbey were rent within and without by deafening shouts of "*God save the King!*"

At the same moment all the Peers and Peeresses simultaneously arose *vis-à-vis*, and, wreathing their magnificent coronets around their brows, stood proudly opposed each to the other!

With equal celerity the Bishops donned their caps, the Kings of arms their crowns,

the representatives of the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats, and the Knights of the Bath their splendid caps surmounted with enormous snow-white plumes.

The effect of this sudden *soulevement* was perfectly magical; and when the organs pealed forth the grand national anthem, with a volume of sound that made the ancient towers of Westminster ring with a thousand echoes, we envy not the soul that could have remained unmoved.

Silence being perfectly restored, the Archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service, after which he solemnly presented the Holy Bible to the King, and read the benedictions, when his Majesty kissed the Archbishop and Bishops, one after another, as they knelt before him.

The *Te Deum* was then grandly performed, and at its termination George III. was elevated to a superb Throne, before which the Princes of the blood, the Peers of England, and the great officers of state, having approached in their order, knelt and paid homage to the Monarch—an example followed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the rest of the Lords Spiritual.

The Coronation of the Queen was performed with much the same ceremonials as that of the King ; and after her Majesty had received her Sceptre she was conducted by her suite to a magnificent Throne on the left hand of her Royal Spouse.

Their Majesties, apparently in profound devotion, went through the remaining solemnities, and, having made their second oblations, the service ended with a glorious Hallelujah.

At its conclusion the Sovereign and his Consort retired into St. Edward's chapel, where, each having received a Crown of State, they walked out of the choir to the western door of the cathedral. There the Royal procession formed nearly in the same manner as that which had been adopted for its progress to the Abbey, and then returned to Westminster Hall,

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear." POPE.

"*The Prince stepp'd forth before the King.*"
SHAKESPEARE.

"In his eye
The inextinguishable spark which fires
The souls of patriots ; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour and contempt of death.
Serene he rose." GLOVER.

"A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand." SHAKESPEARE.

"You are *his* enemy—I make my challenge." IDEM.

"If that brave bark may triumph yet,
We know not how 'tis doom'd above ;
But this for lesson sure is set,
That Courage firm, and faithful Love,
Or if they love, or if they die,
Have each fulfill'd their mission high."
JOHN KENYON.

THE ceremonials attendant on the reception of "the golden yoke of sovereignty" had been so much prolonged, that the individuals who for six hours sat in Westminster Hall awaiting the return of the procession, as well

as the crowds who remained for the same purpose in the streets, nearly lost their patience—which, it must be confessed, was ill repaid to the latter class by the dim view of the Royal progress which the gloomy light of evening permitted. Yet it seemed as if this partial eclipse were to enhance, by contrast, the splendours of the mighty pageant of the Coronation Banquet. We have mentioned that numerous temporary galleries had been erected for the occasion ; one was peculiarly effective, from the circumstance of its being fixed, as it were, within the roof, supported by those massive beams which are decorated at either end with cherubim elaborately-carved. Along the galleries, and pendent from the noble ceiling, fifty-two chandeliers were suspended, each ornamented at the top with a large gilt imperial crown. From three thousand wax-lights, ensconced within those girandoles, a torrent of radiance gushed over the vast and gorgeous assemblage with almost overpowering lustre. Velvets and ermines, stars, plumes, and coronets that seemed almost regal—emblazoned banners—the national costumes of the representatives of most of the Powers of Europe—the picturesque paraphernalia

of the heralds—the mass of quaint and antique dresses—the vast Hall itself, filled in all its architectural grandeur with the female loveliness of England, and the prime of her nobility and gentry, sparkling with resplendent jewels—the varied colouring of the magnificent picture massed into harmony by the effective power of contrast, amid a concentration of accessories brilliant as those of a fairy tale—let the reader endeavour to realize all this with the utmost power of imagination, and even *then* he will have but a faint idea of the splendour of the *mise en scène* of the Coronation Banquet.

Upon this grand national ceremonial Westminster Hall had been laid open from end to end, all that it previously contained having been removed except the floor and steps of the King's Bench Court. A platform, covered with matting, led up to the latter along the centre of the Hall. Immediately above this elevation their Majesties' table, glittering with gold and silver plate, was laid out with royal pomp. Two chairs of state, under a massive embroidered canopy, remained vacant for the occupation of the Sovereign and his Queen. Between the

lowest gallery and the floor large closets were contrived on either side with double doors, for containing relays of plates, wines, and all the necessary *et cetera* of the banquet. On the space left between these compartments and the platform which ran up the middle of the Hall long tables were laid out for that portion of the company to dine at who had not the honour of being admitted to the King's table. Opposite to the latter, and over the north gate, an immense balcony was erected for the reception of trumpets, kettle-drums, and other instruments of martial music, and in the centre of this orchestra a superb organ was fixed.

As their Majesties, with the Princes of the blood, and attended by the great officers of state, with the heads of the nobility, entered to take their seats, the whole assembly rose with heads uncovered, and the organ, with a volume of sound, pealed forth that grandest of harmonies—the National Anthem of England. The Monarch and his bride then seated themselves, when numerous pages, attired in antique dresses of scarlet and gold, white hose, and blue sashes, took their position immediately behind the

royal chairs. The end of the table on the right hand of His Majesty was occupied by their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Cambridge, and at the opposite end, on the Queen's left hand, sat her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta. The moment the Royal Family were seated, a flourish of trumpets sounded, and the Earl Talbot, in the full robes of his order, and as Steward of his Majesty's Household, rode up on a caparisoned charger from the Hall gate to the steps that led to the Royal table, and, having done homage to the King and Queen, backed his steed in order to keep his face still towards their Majesties—an equestrian exploit which was loudly applauded by the spectators. The banquet then commenced. After the first course, and before the second, a flourish of clarions burst from the orchestra, and, under an inspiring clangour of martial music, Mr. Dymock, the King's champion, attended by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal, both nobles in their robes, and wearing the coronets and collars of their orders, and all on horseback, made their grand entry into Westminster Hall. The Champion was mounted on the magnificent

white charger which his late Majesty rode at the battle of Dettingen.

This noble war-horse was richly-caparisoned in housings of crimson and gold, embroidered with the armorial-bearings of the Crown, and embossed with silver stars. The head and back of the steed were covered with armour, the former adorned with an enormous white plume, and the tail tied up with knots of red silk.

The chivalric appearance of the rider was very magnificent. He sat proudly erect on a blue velvet saddle embroidered with silk and pearls. His gold helmet was surmounted by an immense plume of white, blue, and red feathers. A short mulberry-velvet cloak, lined with white sarcenet, and richly interspersed with pearls, fell over a splendid suit of blue armour; an azure ribbon supported round his neck the large diamond cross and gemmed circlet of the order of St. George; and his right hand proudly upheld *the* Gauntlet.

Two trumpeters, with the arms of the Champion emblazoned on their banners, preceded him. His Esquires walked in close attendance; the one on the right hand carried the Champion's lance upright, the other,

on the left, bore a target with the armorial-bearings of the House of Dymock and the Champion's motto—" *Pro Rege Dimico* "—depicted thereon. The Herald-at-Arms, holding an illuminated parchment containing the words of the Challenge, and four Pages richly-apparelled, terminated the procession.

This chivalric cavalcade, amid deafening cheers, which for a moment overpowered even the clangour of the trumpeters, stopped at the lower end of Westminster Hall, when, a passage to their Majesties' table being cleared and silence restored, the Herald-at-Arms proclaimed the Champion's challenge in the following words :—

"If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., (grandson) and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King (George II.), the last King deceased, to be the right heir to the Imperial Crown of the realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him ; and in

this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever shall be appointed."

The Champion then boldly threw down the Gauntlet, which, having lain a few moments, was taken up by the Herald and restored to him.

After this, the equestrian procession caracolled with wonderful precision to the middle of the Hall, where, after the blast of the second trumpet, the same Herald made proclamation as before. Thereupon the cavalcade rode proudly up to the foot of the steps that led to the King's table, when, the trumpet having sounded, the Herald and those who preceded him ascended to the top of the steps, and, the third challenge being made in a loud tone of defiance, the Champion, for the last time, haughtily threw down his iron gauntlet, and with such force that a sharp clang rang forth and resounded from the platform.

At this moment a tall female figure veiled in black from head to foot, glided from behind one of the temporary columns, and, solemnly lifting her hand on high, threw down a gage of battle with a written challenge and took up the Champion's gauntlet.

In this brief act the long veil of the lady got entangled in the trappings of the Champion's steed, and, falling from her head, the broad light which then like a golden halo shimmered over it revealed the flashing eyes and the pale, resolved, and statue-like features of *The Lady Ogilvie*!

In a second she caught up her veil, and, hastily muffling it round her head, leaned her face on her clasped hands, and thus, shrouded and shrinking, as it were, into herself, seemed on the point of falling to the ground. Two gentlemen simultaneously rushed forward from beneath the shade of a curtained arch; one of them flung his arm round her waist, and quick as lightning bore her down the narrow lane which an impulsive parting of the crowd had formed. The other advanced a few paces, paused, threw back his head, and looked fixedly upon the King. Their eyes met. The usually cold and passionless features of George the Third brightened into an expression of surprised and vivid interest, as instantaneously he recognised the form and face of *Charles Edward Stuart*! With that species of desperation which prompts the individual who

commits an act of frantic imprudence to sustain it with unblenching firmness, the Son of many Kings stood still as a statue, while steadily and sternly he returned the significant gaze of the Crowned Monarch of England. A moment that was a century of feeling passed thus. In the next, the dauntless Stuart with admirable presence of mind turned haughtily round, and with swift but unfaltering steps followed the receding figures of his devoted friends—the Lord and Lady Ogilvie.

The entire of this perilous scene had been so rapidly enacted that it seemed almost apparitional. Whatever might have been the feelings of the immediate by-standers, astonishment and incomprehensibility in the first instance were superseded in the next by strong excitement at the progress of the pageant, as amid the clattering of horses' hoofs, the ringing of armour, and the blasts of trumpets, it reached the climax of its grandeur.

The deafening cheers of the spectators—by the great majority of whom the striking incident we have recorded passed unseen—not only drowned the comments of the few

who witnessed it, but aided the escape of the retreating party by making an unconscious diversion in their favour.

Thus comparatively screened from observation, and his person being unknown to the mass of the crowd, Charles Edward Stuart threaded the dark and solitary passages which Ogilvie and his heroic wife had been the first to gain. The unfortunate Prince quickly overtook them. Not a word was spoken, but all was understood by the interchange of one expressive look, as, rapidly emerging into the open street, they mingled with the thickest masses of the people, and thus eluding observation succeeded in reaching the banks of the Thames. There a boat, according to previous arrangements, was waiting to bear the illustrious exiles to the vessel destined to transport them once more from their native to a foreign land.

In profound silence the three devoted friends stepped unnoticed into the little bark, which instantly and swiftly glided down the river. The hooded mantles that lay within it were cautiously wrapped round each of the party, so as completely to conceal their persons and their faces. From the speed with

which the passage was pursued, the boat soon reached the broad part of the bosom of the Thames, where a vessel lay ready to sail for Italy with Prince Charles and his eminent partisans.

In equal haste and silence they mounted the ladder which was lowered, and, quickly traversing the deck, descended to the cabin allotted to their use, and closed the door.

Breathing then more freely, yet still well nigh convulsed by suppressed emotion, Eva threw herself upon her husband's breast and burst into a passion of tears. Almost equally affected, Ogilvie fondly strained her to his heart, while he whispered, in a voice choked with contending feelings,—

“Since you are safe, my own, my best beloved, I cannot bring myself to censure *now*. Yet tell me, tell me, dearest, what *could* have led you to perform—without my sanction, or even a previous shadow of suspicion on my part—a deed at once so daring and so perilous, one, too, so much at variance with your sweet, womanly, and gentle nature? Speak, speak, my Eva, speak!”

“I cannot, must not, *dare* not say more than *this*,” ejaculated Lady Ogilvie, sinking

on a chair. "A nobleman devoted heart and soul unto the Prince," she added, instinctively stretching out her hands towards him, "gave me the written challenge and the glove which I threw down when I took up this gauntlet," she added, drawing the Champion's gage of battle from the folds of her robe and presenting it to Charles Edward Stuart. She paused a moment, and then, in quicker accents, said, "I swore to do the deed which I have done, and never to reveal the name of the heroic man who prompted it, and who, in his written challenge, offered in person to defend his Sovereign's right on battle-field against the Champion of the new Usurper! My oath, I feel, will be respected by my Prince."

As those words fell faintly though fervently from Lady Ogilvie's lips, she flung herself at the feet of Charles Edward, who, in strong emotion, raised her from the ground as he emphatically said,—

"On my Royal word it shall! But, generous and glorious woman, how can I express the deep, undying gratitude which fills my heart almost to bursting, at the courageous act, so bravely done; and which, from an

imaginary hope to aid the doomed race of Stuart, perilled *your* precious life? Language fails me," added the Prince, in a tone of deep dejection: "I can only *feel*."

As those words were uttered in a faltering voice, he raised the hand of Lady Ogilvie to his quivering lips, and the next moment, placing it in that of her husband, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the ground, as if in a listless dream of hopeless sadness.

"For God's sake yield not thus to the pressure of your griefs, my Prince, my friend!" said Ogilvie, in a voice almost stifled by the strength of his feelings. "Proud as I am of my heroic wife, thankful as I am to God for having been her safeguard, still the sight of your distress mars my just gratitude to Heaven, and almost unmans me."

As Ogilvie uttered those words, he seized the hand of his Royal Master and wrung it with the vehemence of passionate emotion. The sudden rush which he had made displaced the Champion's Gauntlet, which the Stuart had thrown upon a chair. It fell to and clanged against the ground. In doing so it caught the gaze of the unhappy Prince.

The sight of that memorable gage seemed to effect a strange and sudden revulsion in his feelings ; for, raising up the iron glove, he proudly started to his feet, flung a window open, and said, in a voice terribly emphatic from the coolness of its stern resolve,—

“ From this hour I bid a long—a last farewell to England !—Thus perish all memorial of *her* falsehood to, and triumph over, Charles Stuart !—Ay—even *thus* ! ”—And steadily stretching his arm out of the open casement, he flung the Champion’s gauntlet into the silver Thames, and then, with eyes as cold and fixed as those of sculptured marble, watched the disappearance of his rival’s gage, as the parted waters closed over it for ever !

* * * * *

A solemn silence followed—and then, as Lord Ogilvie stood beside his Prince and gazed with him into the depths below, he whispered in a voice inexpressibly tender and affecting,—“ Praised be God ! no worse result has issued from the ceremonial of this memorable day—one which will live for ever registered within my heart ! ”

* “ I reiterate your thanksgiving, since you and yours might have been so fatally the

sufferers! Yes, Ogilvie! I now feel and confess the intenseness of my obstinacy, when, in opposition to your counsel and entreaties, I insisted upon witnessing the Coronation of the Usurper of my father's Crown! Yet, if the undying gratitude of your ill-fated Prince can be any recompense for his too frequent errors, *that* recompense is *yours*! Remember too," he added, in a deprecating tone of self-extenuation, "that when you discovered my wild design to come *incognito* to see this morning's gewgaw attempt to consecrate the crime of usurpation by anointing it on the Throne of *my* ancestors, I tried all my powers of reasoning to dissuade you and your incomparable wife from the danger of being my companions in the daring enterprise, not only knowing the perils attendant on it, but also feeling how severe would be your mutual trial in parting, even for a little, from your precious children, although they rested beneath the fostering care and love of our venerated Lady Tullibardine. But nothing could shake your loyal determination — all my efforts failed; yet had I known the heroic but fanatically-loyal scheme of your noble-minded wife, my Royal

command should have been laid upon you both, to prevent an act which entailed such peril upon you and her on my account. And now, dear friends," he added, in a paroxysm of feeling, wringing the hands of Lord and Lady Ogilvie, and then as suddenly resigning them—"leave your doomed Prince to the sad relief of solitude and silence!"

The Royal desire was instantly and reverentially obeyed.

Since writing the above, I find in one of the Historical Novels of Sir Walter Scott, that the same incident has been made to contribute to the scenic effect of his narrative, but under circumstances so entirely dissimilar from those of the present chapter as wholly to relieve the mind of the writer from a degree of reluctance which might otherwise have arisen in employing it. In point of fact, however, such reluctance would, under any contingency, seem misplaced, as either traditionary or historical incidents have ever been justly considered the common property of authors.

The title of the noble who it is said sent a written challenge through the agency of the lady who took up the gauntlet of Dymock at the Coronation of George III., and left her glove in lieu of it, has never transpired, though of course it must have been mentioned in the paper wherein he wagered his body to maintain in open combat the right of the Royal Stuart to the throne of England against the House of Hanover. Chambers, in

his interesting 'History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745,' states that in the year 1753 Charles Edward "ventured to visit London in order to transact the business of the proposed insurrection. The King knew of his arrival, but adopted the wise resolution not to molest him. The conspiracy, though said to have involved many of the most honourable names in England, did not arrive at any head." The same authority also alludes to the report of Charles Edward's presence at the Coronation of George III. in 1761, as well as to the circumstance of the challenge of the King's Knight on that occasion having been "answered by a female adherent, who threw her glove into the area after the Champion had deposited his gauntlet."

It may be also well to state, before I close this note, that the historian Hume, in a letter to Sir John Pringle, after having mentioned Charles Edward's visit to Lady Primrose's house in 1753, with the curiously-interesting circumstances which have been related in the preceding pages, proceeds to assert that their truth was fully corroborated to him by Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in that year. Mr. Hume then continues his epistle in the following words:—"But what will surprise you more, Lord Marshal (a few days after the coronation of the present King George III.) told me that he believed the young Pretender was at *that* time in London, or at least had been so lately, and had come over to see the show of the Coronation, and had actually seen it! I asked my Lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me that he *saw him there*, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see

here." " 'Twas curiosity that led me," said the other ; " but I assure you," added he, " that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least." You see this is so nearly traced from the fountain-head as to wear a great face of probability. Query—What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet? I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites."

It must be obvious to those who have studied the remarkable character of Charles Edward Stuart, that his answer to the gentleman who accosted him thus was either a mere *ruse de guerre* to conceal his real motives for attending the coronation of George III., or else an involuntary exhibition of contempt for one whom *he* naturally considered in the light of an usurper. Be this as it may, the evidence of other writers, besides Hume, go to establish the fact that the son of James the Third,* then only assuming the title of " Prince of Wales," was actually present *incog.* at the Coronation of George III.,—an act of such imprudent daring as to call for the attestations I have given, in order to avert the charge of a startling infraction of the probabilities of history, which otherwise might have been brought against the writer for the introduction of an incident so much at variance with its usual course.

* So styled by his adherents.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

LET many years roll rapidly away. Let their mingled memories of joy and sorrow pass into comparative oblivion, and, on returning to the personages of our narrative we shall find that Time, the assuager of human grief, whose potent hand can veil—almost efface the past—has had his usual influence over the fever of ambition, the mysterious trials, the delusive dreams, which for so long a period made Charles Edward Stuart the dupe of his own excited imagination, and brought out into conspicuous relief his faults and virtues.

The difficulties of getting at the truth of a question so clouded by misrepresentation as that of his peculiar character are by no means inconsiderable. The religious and political atmosphere of the times in which

he lived—the turn of personal thought and feeling which party prejudice necessarily created—the duty of choosing between conflicting authorities, or of obtaining that proper point of observation from which the picture of his life ought to be viewed, render it by no means an easy task to avoid extravagant assumption and mistaken claims to merit on the one hand, or exaggerated misrepresentations and dishonourable surmises on the other.

Accordingly, historians, whether as panegyrists or censors, seem too often to use their pens as mere instruments of political warfare, thus violating the sanctity of truth and the claims of justice. Among the dangerous scenes in which a man of the impetuous temperament of Charles Edward found himself the elected leader of his own party, it was not to be expected that he could steer clear of many faults, whether we regard him in the cabinet or in the field; yet, from the testimony which may be drawn from authentic published and unpublished documents, it seems almost impossible to refuse him the award of being actuated by consummate personal courage, ardent love for

his country, unprecedented fortitude under unparalleled sufferings, and a power of thought full of activity and strength, which, so far from diminishing, when tried in the school of affliction, came pure from the ordeal like gold from the furnace. In a work like the present it would be out of place to enlarge upon the relative merits of Whiggism and Jacobitism—those two great questions which divided public opinion in the eighteenth century. Suffice it then to say, that, whatever were the faults of the adherents of the exiled Stuarts, nothing mean nor self-interested can be detected in their principles or conduct, which, with few exceptions, were guided by a chivalrous, pure, romantic, we had almost said *poetical* spirit, that presented a striking contrast to the one which animated their successful opponents, derived, as it mainly was, from the prospect of places and rewards, the certain results of their transferred allegiance to the Government of Great Britain.

Prince Charles, educated in a school that instilled into his mind maxims widely different from those which then prevailed in England, had been taught that the assertion of

his birthright was an incumbent duty and a laudable desire. Thus, Ambition undoubtedly was the supreme object of his devotion; but, considering his idol as enthroned above the Altar of Patriotism, it is not surprising that he should have deemed such worship his true and legitimate vocation.

The remembrance of the sacrifice of his family and his own hereditary rights may have also led to the conviction that he was justified in using the best means for their restoration, and may have prompted the belief that those who had contributed to the destruction of the Stuarts were actuated more by self-interest than justice, and were in fact enemies instead of being friends to their country.

In so tumultuous a mind as that of Charles Edward, prepossessed with a daring confidence in his own abilities, we can scarcely wonder, notwithstanding the warnings which surrounded him, that he was drawn on surely, but as it were insensibly, to his own ruin.

The heart of the man, in its frailties, its penances, and its agitations, lies clearly open to the unprejudiced investigator of his cha-

racter, and renders him as much the object of compassion as in some respects of admiration. That his zeal was often as imprudent as fervid is indisputable. That he was either too hasty or too dilatory in the execution of his projects is equally true; nor can it be denied that his temper was irascible, though he was seldom discreditable in its conduct.

The artifices of false friends, and the chicanery of the various Court intrigues to which he fell a victim, increased a tendency to dissimulation, and helped to darken his mind with clouded views on the general principles of human nature. His attachments to his friends were strong, as numerous of their dying testimonies prove; but his hatred was as powerful as his love; and though inheriting the obstinacy of his race, yet in paroxysms of impulse he was apt to yield too suddenly to the impressions of the moment, whether guided by a false counsellor, or led into error by his own impetuosity, which often frustrated the execution of projects originally clever in design and policy.

The scion of a line of ancient Kings, he had early imbibed a warm love of monarchy,

and yet it would be the highest injustice to charge him with a natural disposition for the establishment of despotism—an inclination that would have been incompatible with the many excellences of head and heart to which a crowd of his adherents have borne the strongest attestations, and inconsistent with the moderation and humanity he unquestionably displayed during the whole of his brilliant, though ill-fated, career in Scotland.

In one word, his mind was gifted, capable, and generous, and, though its miscellaneous qualities were marked and various for good and for evil, yet on the whole the finest specimens of heroic action are to be found in his singularly-striking but unequal character.

Before the accession of the House of Hanover, the chances were in favour of the dynasty of the Stuarts. Had their restoration to the crown of their ancestors been effected, their only surety for its retention would have existed in the adoption of those consolidated principles of government, the violation of which had caused their monarchical extinction. Whether the same blind and arbitrary opinions which the Stuarts had either inherited from their progenitors or imbibed

from their education would have been acted upon had they re-ascended the throne of England, it is now impossible to say; but it is a melancholy reflection that the romantic and chivalrous character of The Victor of Falkirk was ever placed amid a combination of circumstances which bore down the progressive efforts of his mind, and that, immured as it were in a labyrinth of embarrassments, its natural forces were not only deprived of fair play, but were eventually humiliated and weakened by the pressure of reiterated misfortunes.

Four years after the coronation of his successful rival, King James the Third, as he was always called by the Jacobites, though as uniformly styled "The Old Chevalier de St. George" by the opposite party, expired, full of years and grief, at Rome, on the 30th December, 1765. The immense fortune of his wife—the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, and grand-daughter to the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland—had been considerably wasted in the fruitless attempt of 1745; and though he had been recognised as King of England by several of the Courts of

Europe, had enjoyed the privilege granted by the Pope to Catholic Sovereigns of bestowing cardinalates, and had had the palace and guards of monarchy, still the emphatic words addressed to him by his father, James the Second, on his deathbed—"You are the child of vows and prayers"—seem to have been registered on High in a dark and troubled page, for many were the vicissitudes of that illustrious victim to the fatalism of his race.

On hearing of the dangerous illness of his Sire, Charles Edward Stuart—who, since his last visit to the metropolis of England, had resided with his devoted friends at Bouillon in France—hastened with them to soothe the dying moments of the father he loved so well. On arriving at Rome he at first assumed the title of The Chevalier Douglas—the *nom de guerre* which in his days of youthful glory and romance he had adopted at Gravelines on the eve of his eventful expedition to the Highlands. This assumption, however, was of short duration, as, within a brief period after his Sire's death, he boldly styled himself King of England, under which title he established himself and

suite at the residence of his late father in the classic region of Albano, where, adopting all the prerogatives of royalty, he kept up a constant correspondence with his Jacobite adherents in Great Britain.

The conviction that he should eventually succeed in ascending his ancestral throne seems to have been absolutely imperishable, as all his letters during 1767 and 1768 breathe fervent hope and infatuated confidence.

In 1770, those unfounded expectations acquired additional strength from the commercial embarrassments of England, the calamitous aspect of the affairs of the East India Company through the rapacity of their servants abroad, and the tumults and animosities fomented by Mr. Wilkes on his return home, where, even while his outlawry was still in force, he offered himself a candidate for the county of Middlesex, and was popularly deemed a martyr in the cause of liberty. The internal divisions thus excited tended to diminish the popularity of George the Third, and eventually caused, in a secondary, if not in a primary sense, the all-important event of the American war, as well as serious com-

mercial differences between Great Britain and Ireland.

The hopes of the Jacobites naturally revived under such circumstances; and as the flame of discord continued to blaze out between England and her American colonies, the political fire seemed so fierce and dangerous that, encouraged by the aspect of affairs, Charles Edward Stuart, backed by many of the most bold, influential, and daring of his adherents, seriously contemplated another invasion. Unforeseen events, however, united eventually to depress the progressive efforts of the Jacobite party, and to lead them to abandon their chimerical designs. Smarting under this fresh disappointment, Charles Edward, conceiving, probably, that a brilliant alliance might yet assist his cause and fallen fortunes, married, in April 1772, the Princess Louise of Stolberg-Gaedurn, and adjourned with his bride to a splendid palace in the Via Bastiana at Florence, where he assumed all the state of monarchy, the crown of Great Britain being emblazoned on his equipages, with the cipher C. R. His retinue of servants also wore the Royal livery of England; and his Princess,

though styling herself Countess of Albany, yet always exacted the homage of a queen, and appeared in public adorned with the splendid regal gems of the Stuarts and the Sobieskis, the former having been the munificent present of her husband's brother, the Cardinal of York, as a portion of the crown jewels, which his grandfather, James the Second, had carried off with him in his flight from England in 1688; the latter the gift of her own father, John, King of Poland.

By this union, Charles Edward had no issue, and probably owing to that circumstance his attachment to his illegitimate daughter, Charlotte, Duchess of Albany, at which we have already glanced, increased to a high degree of paternal love. There is, at all events, abundant testimony that he ever acted towards her as a kind and affectionate father, though of the eventual fate of her unfortunate mother, and his conduct towards her, nothing certain can be known. That his marriage was a wretched one there can be little doubt. The attachment to, and eventual elopement of his Consort with the great poet Alfieri,* must have been a source of deep misery to the high and haughty spirit

* See Lord's Mahon's History of "The Forty-five."

of the Prince, so deep that notwithstanding the ties that surrounded him, and the unswerving devotion of the friends who accompanied him into exile, he seems, towards the close of his romantic life, to have sunk into a state of morbid despondency, the natural consequence of domestic misfortunes and of repeated and ineffectual efforts to attain the grand object of his life—a restoration to the Throne of his ancestors.

In estimating the struggles of a brave and vigorous spirit to assert an hereditary right, it is indispensable to know the amount and complication of difficulties in which for years upon years it had been held, the strength of the chains it strove to burst, and the magnitude of the obstacles it tried to overcome. This must be calmly and philosophically done ere we can duly appreciate either the grandeur of the effort or the deteriorating influences which its failure may entail.

The censurers of Charles Edward Stuart, even in the heat of political antagonism, will scarcely deny his claims to valour, humanity, moderation, and courageous perseverance in a cause which he naturally believed to be that of honour and justice, or refuse the admiration due to his manly fortitude and

nobility of character, of which history affords so many proofs. There is nothing truer than that success and opportunity make the hero.

“Treason doth never prosper. What’s the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare *call* it treason!”

If Charles Edward had advanced from Derby* to London, and with the results which the ablest writers have since declared in that case as inevitable, it is obvious his character must have been portrayed in colours altogether different from those which have been employed in animadversion. The unanimous voice of mankind, it is more than probable, would then have pronounced him a hero, nor would posterity have refused to ratify the decree. But fortune did *not* favour him in the main, and here lies the secret cause not only of much of the vituperation which has assailed his memory, but also of the deterioration of his moral qualities towards the close of his life; for as there is an alchemy about success which in public opinion often turns inferior motives into noblest purposes when victory attends them, so, by the converse proposition, defeat in grand but unfortunate designs as frequently generates mis-

* See note at the end of the volume.

representation and calumny. Misfortune, moreover, has alternative effects, either chastening, sobering, elevating, and subduing the mind, or—and the alternative is perhaps decided more by mental constitution and education than any other causes—re-acting upon the moral character of the sufferer through the bitterness of wild and impotent disappointment, and producing petulant displays of the lower qualities and passions. A morbid sense of unsatisfied aims and aspirations after human greatness then reigns with fatal power, and, as in the case we are considering, too often plunges the possessor of an unchastened and impetuous temper into errors at variance with his natural disposition and the whole tenor of his previous life.

Felix, or *successful*, was considered by the Romans one of the indispensable characteristics of a good General; to be unsuccessful was to dispossess himself of public confidence; for, to use the words of a witty French writer, "*Rien ne réussit si bien que le succès!*"

Brutus was the jest of a Court, until the dagger of Lucretia gleamed and fell! At that instant his mighty soul indignantly

aroused, and, sweeping tyrants and tyranny successfully before him, the misdeemed idiot started forth upon the world a hero and a patriot.

But the results of synthesis provoke analysis; and if the original character of Charles Edward Stuart be fairly probed, it will be found to have possessed so much of what is noble in our nature, and to have been so far above the ordinary standard in gallantry of soul, hopes, and bearings, that the liberal thinker, tolerant of infirmities mainly produced by a miserable destiny, and only evinced after that destiny was irrevocably fixed, will feel a mournful pleasure in bestowing the homage of a generous sympathy on the vicissitudes of his varied life, and in adjudging to the memory of a gallant but ill-fated Prince an imperishable dwelling in the Records of the Brave.

* * * * *

It was midnight when, on the 3rd of February, 1788, the rays of the moon fell over a mournful train, poetically in unison with their character, as slowly, solemnly, and silently it wended on through the immutably grand scenery of Frascati towards the ancient

Cathedral of that classic town. The silver beams which played over the pale old olive-trees that rose perpendicularly from the hill-path the procession trod, covered as it were with a filmy veil of fluctuating light the unimaginable loveliness of those romantic steeps, while the black-robed figures, passing onwards at the base, were thrown out in fine relief against the evergreens that clothed the mountain back-ground to the summit, and which shone in radiance poured down from the starred azure of an Italian firmament.

Even the features of the individuals composing the *cortège* were given distinctly to the view, for the brightness that seemed to fill the air was increased by the blaze of numerous torches which, borne by a long retinue of men on horseback, and flashing broadly in every direction,

“Yielded light as from a sky.”

IT WAS THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF
CHARLES EDWARD STUART!

At length that gallant Prince was released from all the manifold griefs and disappointments of a long and singularly-chequered life, having expired at Rome in the 68th year

of his age on the 30th of January, 1788, the memorable anniversary of the execution of his great-grandfather, Charles the First! a coincidence which, among many others, seemed to mark the fatality attendant on his kingly race.

A choral hymn, harmonizing in its touching and beautiful character with the scene where it was breathed, broke forth upon the silence, from time to time issuing from that sad train, while the remains of the departed hero passed through the consecrated localities where Hadrian and Cato lived, and Cicero wrote!

Thus threading its circuitous route amid lands hallowed by the memories of the mighty dead—through groves of pines, acacias, and myrtles, where the Spirit of the Past still seemed to dwell, the mourners, comprehending all the household of the departed Prince, at length reached the grey walls of the Cathedral of Frascati.

Ivy of the most vivid green clustered and hung in garlands over the sculptured entrance of that ancient church, of whose see the Cardinal of York, brother to the illustrious deceased, was Bishop. The scene disclosed on

the opening of the high arched door of the sacred edifice, where the dignitaries of the cathedral of Frascati were assembled to receive the body, was impressively grand and remarkable. The venerable pile was entirely hung with black cloth, the seams of which were covered with gold lace. Those ample folds were drawn up between all the marble pillars of the church, in the form of festoons, intermixed with gold and silver tissue. The magnificent effect of such draperies was enhanced by the flood of radiance which fell from many hundred thick wax tapers that glowed brilliantly through every part of the holy fane. The great altar—the colossal crucifix, consecrated vessels, and tall candlesticks of which were of solid gold—was covered with a large crimson-velvet cloth, elaborately-embroidered and fringed with the same, its ample draperies falling round the white marble steps that led to the Communion Shrine, which was splendidly illuminated, being surrounded by gorgeous antique lamps holding lights of intense power.

Over the main door and the five principal side altars there were written upon the festoons, in large silver characters, the fol-

lowing texts of Scripture, which were chosen by the Cardinal of York as allusive to the situations and fortunes which had been the lot of the deceased :—

“ All his days also he eateth in darkness, and he hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness.”—Eccles. v. 17.

“ My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch.”—Job xxix. 5.

“ Let them be only thine own, and not strangers with thee.”—Prov. v. 17.

A lofty catafalque was erected on a platform raised three steps from the tessellated nave of the church, and a magnificent candelabrum filled with lights hung pendent from the middle of the frescoed ceiling.

The organ pealed a grand symphony to human woe, and the choir of Frascati, assisted by the finest voices from Rome, mingled in penetrating harmony with it, as the body of Prince Charles Edward Stuart was borne into the Cathedral and placed upon the catafalque, covered with a superb pall, on which, in several places, the Royal arms of England were richly-embroidered, the Crown of Great Britain resting in the centre.

All the principal nobility of the Roman States had been invited to attend the obsequies of the late King Charles the Third (as

the illustrious deceased was generally styled in Italy), and numbers of both sexes congregated to witness the High Mass which, celebrated with unusual pomp, preceded the funeral. Lord Ogilvie and five other gentlemen, devoted adherents of the departed, stood, three at either side of the coffin, shrouded in long mourning cloaks, each holding a splendid Royal Banner, while around the catafalque considerable numbers of unusually tall and large wax tapers were placed in the form of a square, guarded by the militia of Frascati. At the head of the bier knelt the Duchess of Albany,* completely shrouded in black, her veiled face bowed down upon the coffin of her father, who expired in the arms that were now flung round it with the passionate fondness of devoted sorrow. At the foot of the *cercueil*, facing the daughter of the Royal Stuart, and robed in deepest mourning, the Lady Ogilvie knelt, rapt in heavenly worship though wrenched with earthly grief, and looking as spiritually angelic as the forms that lived in the frescoes above. At a little distance the now very aged Marchioness of Tullibardine, sunk in

* See note at the end of the volume.

the attitude of supplication, lay prostrate before a splendid Salvatore. The massive folds of her black drapery swept the snowy steps of the side altar on which her head rested, while, pressing to her heart the miniature portrait of Charles Edward—always worn round her neck, and which had been his gift—she resigned herself to fervent orisons for the peace of his departed soul. The beautiful contrast of age and youth was exquisitely represented in the interesting impression of innocence and sympathy depicted on the lovely countenances of Lord Ogilvie's children, as, in deepest sables, they knelt around the venerable Lady Tullibardine, their little hands clasped in prayer, and their pure eyes raised to heaven with an expression so seraphical, that imagination could scarcely conceive anything more divine, even in the regions of celestial happiness.

Norah, Jessie, and the other numerous domestics of the Ogilvie household, filled the area of this lateral Chapel, clad entirely in black—all bowed to the marble pavement, which their faces touched, and piously absorbed in the same solemn and petitionary duties.

The body of the deceased Prince had only just been laid upon its gorgeous resting-place, when the Cardinal of York* entered the Cathedral, attired in his full ecclesiastical robes, and attended by a large suite of his officers and servants, clothed in deepest mourning. With a faltering step the venerable Prelate ascended to, and seated himself upon, his Throne, at the right-hand side of the Great Altar. The expression of his noble countenance was sad in the extreme, and unbidden tears traced their way from time to time along his pallid cheek. Making a powerful effort to regain his self-command, the Cardinal commenced the funeral ritual of his beloved brother, and began to chant the solemn office appointed by his Church for the Service of the Dead, assisted by the numerous choir of Frascati and some of the most glorious voices from Rome. The first verse was scarcely finished, when it was observed that the voice of the Prelate faltered—a flood of tears rushed down his cheeks—the chill of death seemed to have entered his frame—he trembled visibly, and looked as on the verge of fainting. Again, however, he wrestled

* See note at the end of the volume.

successfully with the agony depicted on every feature, and, sustained by moral energy which no *earthly* power could bestow, he went through the remaining functions of the service in the most affecting manner—one in which manly firmness, fraternal affection, and religious solemnity were so happily blended, that sympathy stronger than is often conveyed from man to man was felt by all around.

At length the melancholy scene was finished. The Organ no longer pealed its thrilling notes of woe—the clouds of incense which had curled upwards before the Altar ceased to ascend—every voice was hushed, and amidst “silence that might be felt,” interrupted only by convulsive sobs that filled the church, a slab of the marble pavement was upraised, and the mortal remains of Charles Edward Stuart were lowered to their last place of rest—a solitary tomb in the Cathedral of Frascati!

* * * * *

In comparatively recent years the remains of the Royal Stuart were removed to “the Eternal City,” where a cenotaph to the memories, and bearing the names, of “James

the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, Kings of England," with the motto,

"Requiescant in Pace!"

has been sculptured by the immortal chisel of Canova, and placed within St. Peter's at Rome—that noblest of fanes ever erected by the genius of Religion to the worship of Deity. Long previously to that event a Monument, perhaps not less touching in its pure simplicity, marked the spot where the body of the descendant of a long line of Kings reposed in the Cathedral of Frascati. It bore only the name and titles of the brave Prince whose historical successes once commanded European interest—a Prince who, in a cause which personally he had a right to assert, maintained it unflinchingly amid the defection of false-hearted partisans and the hostility of hosts of powerful enemies. In spite of errors and of evil fortune, the enthusiastic admiration of his *real* friends never cooled, and it may be that even among his foes some might be found who, while condemning the acts attendant upon his lofty and long-cherished ambition, yielded to his generous valour and manifold calamities the tribute of a secret though unwilling sympa-

thy. The heart of the ill-fated Stuart was deposited in a white marble Urn, on which the following lines, composed by *L'Abbate Felice*, one of the Cardinal of York's chaplains, were inscribed :—

“ DI CARLO III. FREDDO CINERE
QUESTA BREV' URNA SERVA ;
FIGLIO DEL TERZO GIACOMO,
SIGNOR D'INGHILTERRA.

Fuor di suo regno patrio
A lui che Tomba diede ?—
Infideltà di Popolo,
Integrità di Fede.”

The epitaph may be thus rendered into English :—

THIS SMALL URN CONTAINS
THE COLD ASHES OF CHARLES THE THIRD,
SON OF THE THIRD JAMES,
SOVEREIGN OF ENGLAND.

Far from his native clime
What caused his Tomb to be ?—
A faithless *People's* crime,
His faith's fidelity !

* * * * *

On bended knees before that hallowed Shrine—so sacred to the friends of the departed Prince—might be often seen in after years the Lady Ogilvie.

Though blest with the tenderest ties that make existence dear, and happy beyond the ordinary fate of mortals, yet even the brightness of *her* destiny was shaded by the pensive recollections of the past. She did not *wish* to forget them. Adversity had been her instructor, had taught her weighty truths—the meaning of *Life* and the wisdom of *Death*—had led her to ponder on the great mysteries of *Time* and *Eternity*, and to reflect upon the relations which the seen and the unseen world bear unto each other; profound questions which gave clear-sighted views of the present, with powerful warnings of the future.

The sweet thoughtfulness engendered by such reveries, subdued—we had almost said *sublimed*—the ardent sensibilities of Lady Ogilvie, and increased their capacity for the domestic happiness which was her portion.

Not unfrequently withdrawing from home-scenes so pure and blissful that she almost feared they *could* not last, she loved to retire to meditation and to solemn silence at the Grave of Charles Edward!

There, with feelings which *Time* failed to rob of their early warmth and freshness, she

was wont to indulge "the joy of grief," her Spirit wrapt in contemplation on the dead.

With those holy thoughts the memories of Edith O'Moore and of her own chequered life would sometimes mingle;—a life which had been so singularly bound up with the fortunes of the House of Stuart, as well as with the humbler, though in this connection not less stirring and important, events which decided the fate of The O'Sullivans.

The drooping and now faded Banner placed by the devotion of surviving friends above the Tomb of Charles Edward Stuart, as at such moments it arrested the tearful gaze of Lady Ogilvie, brought vividly before her mental vision not only the departed glories of a Royal Race, but also, by a mysterious yet most natural association, recalled those painful incidents in her own destiny and that of the Sister of her heart which were so strangely linked with the wild and terrible history of The Irish Buccaneers, and their once far-famed and victorious

"DEATH-FLAG."

N O T E S.

NOTE I. See page 57.

One of the wild Improvisatori who are still employed to cry over deceased persons, and to chant forth their praises at Irish country funerals in an impromptu Dirge, which is often both feeling and poetical.

NOTE II. See page 58.

"*Rann*" signifies a Poem, or Tale. It is a curious coincidence that *Rannah* means, in Hebrew, a Poetical Story.

NOTE III. See page 66.

Bana is an allegorical name for Ireland.

NOTE IV. See page 68.

Weirasthrue! is a favourite Irish ejaculation of indignant feeling.

NOTE V. See page 75.

This splendid Dirge of The O'Sullivan-Beare was actually composed in the Ibero-Celtic by his devoted Nurse. The translation given in the Third Chapter is from the spirited pen of J. J. Callanen, Esq.

NOTE VI. See page 81.

The O'Sullivans boasted descent from two Brothers named *Colla Nais* and *Colla Meann*, who, according to Irish Anti-quaries, were Chiefs, or Kings, in Ulster, about A.D. 350.

NOTE VII. See page 82.

I have taken a *very slight* chronological liberty as respects the dates of the tragical fate of the O'Sullivan-Beare and the executions of his Nephew and Daniel Connell, in order to heighten the interest, as well as to contribute to the scenic effect, of my narrative.

NOTE VIII. See page 127.

Many old persons are still alive who remember well having seen the Portrait of Prince Charles Edward at Erlinghame (or, as it is now called, Arlingham) Court, and who bear testimony to the respect and veneration which the Yates' family ever entertained for it.—Lady Mill, relict of Sir Richard Mill, Bart., and niece of Charles Yates, Esq., was the last of the family, on whose extinction the very ancient "Manor of Erlinghame" passed into new hands.

NOTE IX. See page 146.

The fact was, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from Prince Charles's face. *Vide* Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Times.

NOTE X. See page 181.

"*Lætamini Cives*" (Citizens, rejoice!). This Medal was actually struck, and bore the head of Charles on one side, and on the other the above singular motto. For what purpose it was coined, Historians do not agree.

NOTE XI. See page 190.

Betty Burke was the *sobriquet* adopted by Prince Charles while personating the hand-maiden of Flora Macdonald.

NOTE XII. See page 193.

An allusion to "THE CAGE," in which the heroic Charles Edward Stuart found a safe refuge and concealment in such an extraordinary manner from his enemies during "The Forty-Five," naturally recalls to memory his disastrous defeat at Culloden, where his once splendid hopes—sustained by previous victories—were crushed and blighted in a single hour! Yet let it not be deemed that the Prince or his adherents failed in success from lack of bravery or resolution the most undaunted ;—No—for (to use the words of the enlightened Historian, Lord Mahon) "Not by their forefathers at Bannockburn—not by themselves at Preston or at Falkirk—not in after years, when discipline had raised and refined the valour of their sons—not on the shores of the Nile—not on that other field of victory where their gallant Chief, with a prophetic shroud (it is their own superstition) high upon his breast,* addressed to them only these three words, 'HIGHLANDERS, REMEMBER EGYPT!†—not in those hours of triumph and of glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now in the defeat at Culloden! The right and centre had done all that human strength and human spirit could do—they had yielded only to necessity and numbers—and, like the captive monarch at Pavia, might boast that everything was lost but their honour."

The following extraordinary narration seems to me so very remarkable, as foreshowing that memorable battle—with a species of *clairvoyance* almost miraculous—partaking, it would

* "When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of Death, and the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, Death is not to be expected for the space of a year; but as it ascends higher towards the head, Death is concluded to be at hand, within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms."—MARTIN'S *Western Islands*, 1716, p. 300. Also SCOTT'S *Poetical Works*, vol. viii. p. 306.

† The words of Sir John Moore to the 42nd Regiment at the Battle of Corunna.—See SOUTHEY'S *Peninsular War*, vol. ii. p. 524.

seem, of the nature of the celebrated Lochiel's warning,—that I subjoin it in the writer's own words, extracted from a rare and most curious manuscript, which seems to illustrate the: "Coming events cast their shadows before":—

"Copy of a paragraph from a Letter addressed by a Gentleman in Aberdeen to his Correspondent in Edinburgh concerning the Visionary Battle near that place in 1746.

"You have no doubt heard before now of the Visionary Battle within a few miles of Aberdeen. The thing is real fact, attested by more than thirty witnesses at the same time. An army in bluish and dark-coloured clothing, with displayed ensigns of a white flag, crossed with a blue St. Andrew's Cross, beat twice on the same spot of ground a Red Army with the Union Flag, which rallied twice; but at the third time the Blue Army was so beat as to be quite routed and scattered. There is no momentary variation in the accounts that the different spectators gave of this visionary engagement: most of them, being within little more than a ridge-length of the action, saw the colours, smoke, arms, &c., but heard no noise. I forgot to mention that four hours before the battle the same spectators observed (about two in the afternoon) in the sky three small Globes of Light, which they took for what we call (in the north) *a weather-gall*; but gradually increased to the magnitude of the Sun; and that a little before the appearance of the Army twelve men in very clean and bright attire appeared to traverse very carefully and view most accurately the whole ground where the action happened, but withdrew before the Armies appeared. This much for amusement, which I would not have entertained you with if the thing *were contested or doubted of.*"

NOTE XIII. See page 194.

The Author answers for the perfect correctness of these details, which she has taken the liberty to antedate so many years—an anachronism, it is hoped, the curious nature of the fact, as it existed when she visited Italy, will excuse.

NOTE XIV. See page 203.

The actual words of Charles Edward Stuart. *Vide* Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretender and his Adherents.

NOTE XV. See page 219.

"The Lady Ogilvie." With the license ever allowed to writers of fiction, the Author has changed the individuality of the wedded partner of Lord Ogilvie, and for the interests of her narrative has also taken a liberty with the fate of the Marquis of Tullibardine, who died unmarried. It may be well to state further, that, having been unable to ascertain the precise period when a free pardon was accepted by Lord Ogilvie, the writer has allowed it to remain in abeyance until over the time when the dramatic course of her work required his Lordship's presence at Rome. According to Debrett's *Peerage*, Lord Ogilvie returned to Scotland after receiving his pardon, and died on the 3rd of March, 1803. He must therefore have lived to a great age—certainly to eighty or upwards.

—Mr. Burke states that the Bill passed in 1826, to relieve the family of Airlie from whatever disabilities were supposed to adhere to them in consequence of the forfeiture of Lord Ogilvie, was not termed an Act of *Restoration*, as the Earldom had never been forfeited by Act of Parliament.

NOTE XVI. See page 289.

I am happy to find that so high an opinion as that of Lord Mahon confirms my own judgment respecting the probable success of Prince Charles's march from Derby to London, had His Royal Highness's earnest wishes on that point been carried into effect, which was prevented by the mistaken opposition of the majority of his Council of War. Many eminent writers have concurred in the conclusion I subjoin as drawn by Lord Mahon in his popular History of "The Forty-Five:"—"I believe that, had Charles marched onward from Derby, he would have gained the British throne."

NOTE XVII. See page 296.

According to Lord Mahon, the amiable Duchess of Albany survived her beloved and royal father only one year!

NOTE XVIII. See page 298.

THE CARDINAL OF YORK AND PRINCE CHARLES.

I append the following very interesting particulars respecting the character of the Pretender and his Brother, said to have been drawn up by a celebrated deceased Legal Peer at the especial request of the Princess Dowager, whose curiosity on this subject had been highly excited by the dangers which threatened her family.

“ Charles Edward, the eldest son of the Chevalier de St. George, is tall above the common stature ; his limbs are cast in the most exact mould ; his complexion has in it something of an uncommon delicacy ; all his features are perfectly regular and well turned, and his eyes the finest I ever saw. But that which shines most in him, and renders him without exception the most surprisingly handsome person of the age, is the dignity that accompanies his every gesture. There is indeed such an unspeakable majesty diffused through his whole mien and air, as it is impossible to have any idea of without seeing, and strikes those that do with such an awe as will not suffer them to look upon him for any time, unless he emboldens them to it by his excessive affability.

“ Thus much, Madam, as to the person of the Prince. His mind (by all I can judge of it) is no less worthy of admiration. He seems to me, and (I find) to all that know him, to have all the good nature of the Stuart family, blended with the spirit of the Sobieskis. He is, at least as far as I am capable of seeing into men, equally qualified to preside in peace and war. As for his learning, it is extensive, beyond what could be expected from double the number of his years. He speaks most of the European languages with the same ease and fluency as if each of them was the only

one he knew ; is a perfect master of all the different kinds of Latin ; understands Greek well ; and is not altogether ignorant of the Hebrew. History and philosophy are his darling entertainments, in both which he is well versed : the one, he says, will instruct him how to govern others, and the other how to govern himself, whether in prosperous or adverse fortune. Then, for his courage, that was sufficiently proved at the siege of Gaïeta, when, though scarce arrived at the age of fifteen, he performed such things, as in attempting made his friends and enemies alike tremble, though from different motives. What he is ordained for we must leave to the Almighty, who disposes all ; but he appears to be born and endowed for something very extraordinary.

“ Henry Benedict, the second son, has also a very fine person, though of a stature somewhat lower than his brother, and his complexion not altogether so delicate. He is, however, extremely well made, has a certain agreeable robustness in his mien, and a more than common sparkle in his eyes.

“ Many of those perfections I have (though faintly) described as appertaining to the one, are equally the due of the other. It is hard indeed to say which of them has most applied himself to the branches of those kinds of learning which enable man to be useful to his fellow-creatures. The difference I make between their tempers is this : that the one has the agreeable mixture of the Stuart and Sobieski (as I have already said), and the other seems actuated more entirely by the spirit of the latter ; all the fire of his great ancestors on that side seems collected in him ; and I dare believe that, should his arm ever be employed in so warrantable a cause as that which warmed the breast of his glorious progenitor,* when 150,000 Turks owed their defeat† to the bravery of a handful of Christians led on by him to victory, this warlike young Prince would have the same success. His martial spirit discovered itself when, being no more than nine years old, at the time his brother accompanied the

* King John of Poland.

† Siege of Vienna.

young King of Naples to enforce possession of his dominions, he was so much discontented at being refused the partnership of that glory and that danger, that he would not put on his sword till his father threatened to take away his garter too, saying it did not become him to wear the one without the other.

“I am told the parting between these young gentlemen and their father was very affecting, and drew tears from the eyes of most that were present. The Regent (as he was called) said, amongst other remarkable things, ‘I go, Sir, in search of three Crowns, which I doubt not but to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty’s feet: if I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin.’ At these words the Chevalier became unable to preserve that moderation he had assumed on so trying an occasion; the grief his heart was big with, in spite of his endeavours, discovered itself in his countenance, and he burst forth with this exclamation, ‘Heaven forbid that all the Crowns in the world should rob me of my son!’ Then tenderly embracing him, ‘Be careful of yourself, my dear Prince,’ added he, ‘for my sake, and I hope for the sake of millions!’”

THE END.

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